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LITTLE JOURNEYS

TO

HOLLAND, BELGIUM

AND

DENMARK

BY

MARIAN M. GEORGE

AND

M. IDA DEAN

PENNSYLVANIA
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BETTY, EDITH AND WARFORD

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A Little Journey to Holland.

"What land is this that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea?
This land of sluices, dykes and dunes?
This water-net, that tessellates
The landscape? this unend ng maze
Of gardens, through whose latticed gates
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze,
Where in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through a screen.

* * * * * *

"And over all and everywhere
The sails of windmills sink and soar
Like wings of sea gulls on the shore?"

Keramos.

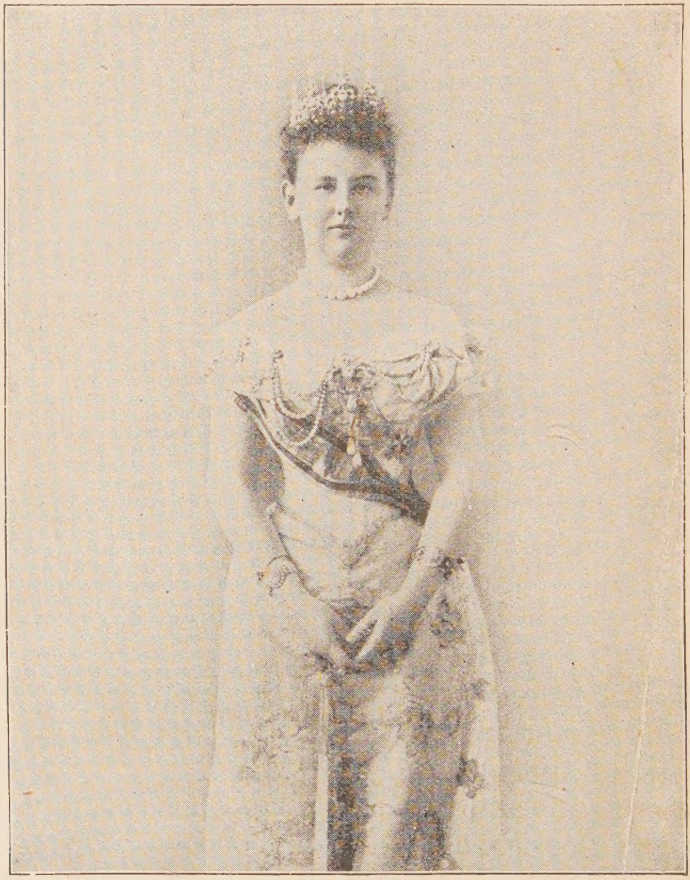
Would you like now to visit the bravest, queerest little country that our big sun looks down upon? Then find your umbrellas and rubbers, for this new country is a boggy, foggy land, where it often rains and one's feet are always damp.

The climate is moist, changeable and disagreeable. It is pleasantest to visit this tiny kingdom in the winter or summer.

During the autumn and spring, a great part of the country looks like a large lake, dotted over with little patches of marshy land. So low is this odd country that it is called Holland from the words hollow and land.

Another name given to it is the Netherlands. The word nether means low. (Place your finger on your

nether lip.) When we join the word nether to land we get Netherlands, and this one word describes Holland as the lowest country of all Europe. For much of Holland is below the level of the sea.



WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

Perhaps you have read, how, in the olden days, men had to conquer savages and wild beasts before they could build homes in new countries; and how, in

some places, it was necessary to build great strong walls about a city or a country to protect it from the enemy.

But the plucky people of Holland have fought not only man, but the sea, for the right to the country they call theirs. Indeed, we may say, that much of the land was stolen from the sea. Where some of the finest meadows are to-day the sea once tossed her waves. How was the sea thus conquered, do you ask? Simply by watching for the opportunity to seize it, bit by bit.

At low tide, when the sea was off guard, men would place a row of stones as far out from the shore as they could, then another row would be added, and so they continued until a great wall was reared, over which the sea could not climb. The wall is called a *dyke*.

The land taken from the sea, and thus enclosed by a dyke, is called a polder. In this way, many very valuable pieces of land have been added to the country.

The soil of the polder is very fertile and when cultivated, produces a most luxuriant yield.

THE DYKES OF HOLLAND.

The dykes of Holland are really wonderful. They not only stretch along the sea coast for miles and miles, but into the interior of the country to keep rivers and lakes from spreading over the land.

The great dykes are built of compact earth and clay, faced with stone and cement. Huge stone buttresses, built of granite brought from Norway, project away out into the sea, and give additional strength. Where the strain is greatest, the dykes are further protected by heavy timbers and plankings of oak.

The dykes are not only high but wide. So broad are they that on the top there is a level surface with a fine driveway, lined with beautiful trees, fine buildings and the ever-useful windmill.

It is very interesting to watch from one side of the dyke the vessels floating by. Frequently the keel of the boat is on a level with the roadway, while masts

THE COAST OF HOLLAND.

and sails rise above one. Then by walking to the opposite side of the dyke one can look down upon meadows, dotted with many black and white cattle grazing; or, perhaps, a happy group of bare-footed children sailing bits of wood, making believe that they are vessels going to the United States. Again we look down upon the roofs of houses. What a temptation to a mischievous boy or girl to let something drop down the chimney!—not a pebble though, for Holland has no stones except those brought from other countries.

To the Hollander, every wave of the sea, as it beats itself against the dyke, seems to roar, "The land is mine, mine, mine!" And every receding wave moans, "I want it back, want it, want it back!"

Well does the Hollander realize that if he is at all neglectful, the sea will win its own again. So continually is the sea gnawing and eating its way through stone and cement, that it is necessary, in dangerous places, to keep sentinels on duty night and day. These men watch the dykes for the tiniest leak, for so strong and mighty is the sea, that if it but gets the chance to force itself through the tiniest hole, it takes but a short time to change it to a large one.

The greatest time of danger is in the spring of the year, when the ice is breaking up; then there is always the fear that the great blocks of ice, floating slowly down the rivers and lakes, to join the ocean, will become jammed, and cause the waters to swell and overflow.

In times of danger, an alarm bell is rung. Then everyone within hearing distance rushes to the rescue, ready to work with might and main. One of the commonest modes of defence is placing against the embankments huge mats made of straw.

Does it not seem strange that so frail a thing as straw can defeat the savage sea?

Whenever a terrible storm rages, the first thought is whether the dykes will hold! The Hollander shudders as he thinks of the terrible losses his little country has met with, from King Sea. Every wave is a fierce soldier, who hesitates not to storm the strongest wall reared by earthly hands. From the past, before so much

care was taken to guard and protect the dykes, he knows how flood after flood swept the land, turning it into a boiling, roaring sea, devouring cities, undermining houses and filling the water with the helpless bodies of thousands of men, women and children, forcing even the grave yards to give up their dead, entangling cattle, horses and masts of ships in the tree tops, washing villages and towns completely away. Every child in Holland, as soon as he can understand anything, is taught the meaning of those five simple but awful words, *"A Leak in the Dyke."*

Children in every part of this little country are fond of hearing of the little boy, who by his bravery saved his country from a great loss.

THE LEAK IN THE DYKE.

Many years ago there lived in Holland a little boy named Peter. His home was near the sea, and his father watched the gates in the dykes and opened and closed them for the ships to pass from the canals to the sea.

One afternoon his mother sent him on an errand out in the country on the other side of the dyke. On his return he noticed water forcing its way through a small hole in the dyke.

Little as the boy was he realized at once the danger that threatened the land. If the hole was not stopped at once it would soon become a very large one and the country would be flooded.

There was but one thing that he could do, and that was to keep the water back with his own hand. So he sat down by the wall and thrust his hand into the hole.

Then he called for help, again and again, but no one came to his aid. Darker and darker, colder and colder grew the night. He shivered not only from the cold but from fear. His little hand began to ache, the pain crept up his arm, soon his whole body became numb.

A HOLIDAY.

All that long, long night this brave little fellow, who dreaded to walk through the woods after dark, held the sea back with his little hand. Not till daylight did help come. Then they found him true to his post, sick, faint, too weak to stand or utter a sound. Strong hands cared for the dyke, while little Peter was tenderly carried home. As they neared his house a glad shout went up.

"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land
And God has saved his life!"

Holland has many heroes, but none greater or more loved than little eight-year-old Peter.

HOW TO GO.

Are you ready now, for a long tour through this interesting land of dykes?

If so, look at your map of the United States and select the best route that will take you to Hoboken, a town in New Jersey, just opposite New York City. Make your way to the pier of the Holland-American line and take passage on the first steamer that sails, as all these vessels go direct to Holland. The steamers of this line are named after a city or river of Holland and all end in dam. Pronounce this syllable as if the spelling were o instead of a.

OUT FOR A STROLL.

One vessel is named Amsterdam, another Rotterdam, another Maasdam,

Statendam, Spaarndam, and yet another Potsdam.

The word dam added to the name of a river, at once tells us of a city that owes its origin or foundation to the dam built in the river.

As we approach Holland we see that it is literally a hollow land. This little country, not much larger than our Maryland, resembles a great sponge, sometimes dry but more frequently saturated with water.

So wet, soft and marshy are the fields that even the horses wear a wide piece of wood attached to each hoof to keep them from sinking in the mud.

So marshy is the earth that even the houses stand on stilts. Before building, great care must be taken to sink long, wooden piles away down deep, very deep, into the earth.

Fields are separated by ditches and ponds. Water is plentiful, but land is scarce, so that it receives the utmost care. Holland has no stones. Many a Dutch boy has never seen a pebble or small stone. No stone or wooden fences in this odd country; instead we find green growing hedges, and ditches, often as green as the living hedges, inclosing garden plots.

Not only is Holland low but it is very level. From the top of a tower 338 feet high in Utrecht, a city near the center of the country, you can see the whole of Holland spread out all about you like a brightly colored picture on a canvas. Everything in this flat country is sharply and clearly defined. A man or a duck stands out in as bold relief as a windmill. Objects seem much nearer than they really are.

Holland has no mountains. The only elevations are the sand dunes and the dykes.

Sand dunes are but heaps of sand that for ages has been blowing, drifting and heaping itself into great ridges, ridges that continually change and shift with the winds.

In a country so flat as Holland, the winds had a fine time driving the sands about until the Hollanders put a stop to it by planting coarse, reed-like grasses and other vegetation, whose roots would grow in one tangled mass, and wind in and out of the sand heaps, and so hold the sand in place. Even little children know that they must not pull a blade of this grass whose strong roots and fibers are so useful. But what sport the boys have hunting the rabbits, for these sand dunes are full of rabbit-burrows.

In swampy, damp countries, vegetable matter decays and forms a black coal-like substance that burns easily. This is peat, and is used for fuel instead of wood or coal. Digging and cutting this black earth, which is but a mass of decayed roots and grasses, is a regular business in Holland.

Among the poor people, even the little children are sent out to cut the peat in brick-shaped sods. These sods are carefully dried and stowed away for use in the winter, when ice and snow make it impossible to cut them.

As all but the very rich use peat, men go through the streets from house to house selling this fuel.

AMSTERDAM.

As we sail up the great North Sea Canal and enter Holland at Amsterdam, the metropolis of the country, we notice that this city is shaped like a semi-cir-

cle with the Dam as a center. From this Dam, built in 1204, at the junction of the Amstel river and the Y, the city gets its name.

IN THE HARBOR OF AMSTERDAM.

Amsterdam is sometimes called the Venice of the Dutch. It is a walled city of 95 islands connected by about 350 bridges.

At first sight of Amsterdam one stands speechless. It seems one forest of windmills, windmills everywhere and perched like great birds upon every available tower or steeple or pyramid, every spire and every

belfry, and in and among all these rise the endless number of factory chimneys, together with the masts of vessels everywhere to be seen, loading and unloading, up and down the many water routes of the town. Half its streets are canals, filled with water that at times is as black as ink.

In whatever direction we look we see sails and masts poking up between windmills, spires, steeples and trees, so that we wonder where land ends and the sea begins.

Amsterdam is so low, and the soil is so soft and marshy, that before building, heavy piles must be sunk into the mud and slime. And as the piles do not always remain firm, many of the houses have a very tipsy air as they lean at various angles—forward, backward, and sideways. Some of the streets are so narrow that people can shake hands across the streets.

The builders of Amsterdam receive more money for what they do under ground than above ground. It costs many thousand florins a day to prevent the city from vanishing in the mud. The dredging machines are always at work clearing out the mud.

Water is all around and about the city, and the windmills are everlastingly whirling to keep the farms about it from becoming lakes. But in spite of the fact that water is everywhere in sight, there is no drinking water in the place. It must come from the clouds or a reservoir fourteen miles away.

Nowhere in Europe are the streets more beautiful than in Amsterdam. Some of the new streets are splendidly adorned with fine public buildings, and stately residences. The principal streets are two miles

long, and describe a semicircle. Canals run through the center of these streets, and on either side are roads lined with stately trees and handsome residences.

IN AMSTERDAM.

Many of the side streets are canals with no foot paths whatever.

A stroll about the streets of Amsterdam delights us, for we see so many odd sights. Tourists from all parts of the world, sooner or later visit this city. Here mingle together the American, the European, the Oriental, sailors from every part of the globe. Most interesting of all are the Hollanders from the provinces, arrayed in the quaint national costume of their own section. One of the oddest sights is to see the fishermen with great fur caps on in summer. These are worn all the year as a badge of their business.

We see queer conveyances—the modern carriage, carts pulled by dogs, and even sleighs, dragged over the ground in summer, but helped along by the driver, who squeezes an oil-rag in front of the runners.

Vessels of all sorts and kinds, steamboats, yachts, sailboats, and canal boats ready to take us anywhere. Bridges are everywhere. Frequently the boats are so tall that they cannot pass under the bridge, which must be raised. When one is in a hurry, how exasperating to have to pause until the bridge is closed. While we wait the slow movements of the bridge tender, we are interested in seeing him swing out over the boat a long pole on the end of which is a wooden shoe; into this some one on the vessel must drop a coin or two to pay for the opening and closing of the bridge.

It is very pleasant traveling about the city in boats in this way. It is not so tiresome as walking, and, without leaving our seats, we can watch the passing of the curiously dressed people, with their noisy, clumsy shoes, the lounging sailor with his pipe always in his mouth, the busy house wife, dressed in spotless white, with scrub brush or pail or knitting in hand, at the door or window.

Standing on the docks we can see the vessels coming and going constantly. Many of them are from the Dutch East Indies, and carry vast quantities of coffee, sugar, tobacco, and spices.

Amsterdam began its career as a little fishing village. To-day it has a population of 512,953 and

THE ROYAL PALACE.

accommodates ten thousand vessels, flying the flags of all nations.

In Holland everyone moves slowly. We miss the American activity and bustle of our northern states.

Amsterdam has many very interesting buildings. The great Exchange is worth a visit. Here the merchants and brokers come daily to transact business. Once a year, the last week in August, all the grave solemnity that attends money transactions is laid aside,

and this building is turned into a play ground and becomes the center of the children's carnival.

This celebration is to honor the children, who during the 17th century discovered a Spanish plot to blow up the city. The children gave the alarm and the city was saved.

Another interesting building is known as the Royal Palace. Its foundations are laid on 13,659 piles. Although called a palace it is really a town hall, for which it is better adapted than for the home of a king. The court meets here but once or twice a year. The rulers of Holland are crowned in Amsterdam.

Amsterdam is a great business center. Throughout the civilized world, the city is famed for its diamond cutting. This branch of work gives employment to ten thousand people.

The diamonds are brought from South Africa. Some of the largest stones take months to cut. A perfect diamond should have sixty-four sides. Rough diamonds to the value of several million dollars are cut here every year. The men who do this work are very honest, and a diamond is never stolen.

Holland is also famous for its manufacture of toys. All sorts of mechanical toys, windmills that go, tiny fishing boats, canal-boats, animals that walk and make all sorts of unearthly sounds.

This city might well be called the city of Chimes. All the bells of Amsterdam are in tune, and they chime every quarter of an hour. The chimes of the old cathedral play a different air every quarter of an hour, so that in a single day ninety-six airs are played.

The most magnificent building in Amsterdam is the great Rijk's Museum. This is considered one of the finest buildings in Northern Europe. Here we find many curios from different countries.

The picture galleries draw people from all parts of the world. The Dutch love their artists, and their works. We see Dutch men, women and children,

RIJK'S MUSEUM.

rich and poor, crowding into the galleries to enjoy the pictures they treasure.

Rembrandt is considered Holland's greatest artist and the entire civilized world acknowledges him as a great master. So proud are the people of Amsterdam of Rembrandt, that they have raised a monument to perpetuate his memory.

His most famous picture is called the "Night Patrol" or "Night Watch." Artists regard this as so wonderful that they return to study it day after day. If you ask them about the picture, they will tell you that the action, the light and shade and the portraits are wonderful.

Another painting hanging in the Rijk's Museum that is thought by some to be even finer than the "Night Patrol," is "The Syndics of the Cloth Merchant."

This picture is admired because the faces express so much feeling. They are perfect portraits, the men seeming to live, breathe and feel.

Rembrandt was born in the city of Leyden, 1607, and died at Amsterdam, 1669.

A picture that children enjoy is the "Feast of St. Nicholas," by Jean Steen.

The "Dancing Lesson" and the "Night School," are also regarded as masterpieces of Dutch art.

One of the most noted sights of Amsterdam is the zoological garden. It is considered the finest one of its kind in Europe. It covers twenty-eight acres, and attracts students and visitors from all over the world.

The Tower of Tears is well worth a visit. This is the place where the Dutch sailors in ancient times took leave of their friends when embarking on long voyages. That tower has seen many farewells, for "Dutch pluck has sailed all over the world." Holland is next to England as a colonizing state.

The cities of Amsterdam and Rotterdam are noted for ship building. The Dutch ships are always well built, and good and sound.

A short distance from Amsterdam, is a little place

called Yaandam. To this place, many years ago, came Peter the Great, the Czar of Russia. He had heard of the stout ships the Dutch built and he wished to copy them. So he disguised himself as a peasant and spent some time in a fisherman's hut by the wharf, learning as much as he could. He was anxious to improve the condition of his people and wanted to introduce new methods in Russia. For a penny or two, a guide shows us Peter's hut. It has been carefully preserved and encased in a building erected by a former queen of Holland.

REMBRANDT STATUE AT AMSTERDAM.

Did you ever hear of a street of windmills? Yaandam has one, almost five miles long. It stretches along the river Yaan, and numbers some four hundred mills. They are all busy too, grinding corn chopping

tobacco, sawing timber, crushing seed for oil, and draining land.

Near Amsterdam is a place called Deventer, known as the gingerbread town, because of a certain kind of gingerbread that is made there and sent all over the

RIVER FRONT, ROTTERDAM.

country. Many thousand pounds of this gingerbread are exported every year.

Other trips may be taken from the city of Amsterdam to various localities near. It is very interesting

to sail on the Zuyder Zee and visit the many islands, that float like lilies on its surface.

Especially interesting the Island of Marken proves. So low is it, that the sea frequently washes its shores. It is necessary to set the houses upon mounds of earth. Many of the houses are two hundred years old. They are but one story high, gaily painted, and have roofs of bright red tiles.

The interiors of the houses are very odd. The walls are of wood and are decorated with old plates of Delft, Chinese and Japanese ware of odd shapes, by racks containing pipes, or filled with massive old spoons. You will see no bedsteads, but in their place, beds made in the niches of the wall. To sleep in one of these beds would be like going to rest on a shelf in a closet. Very gay are the quilts and pillows, sometimes richly embroidered.

Floors are polished until they shine. Before entering the house, the wooden shoes are left at the door. It seems very queer to see so many shoes waiting at the door for owners, while the people within are going about either in their stockings or barefooted.

The isle of Marken has but a thousand inhabitants, strong, sturdy, self-reliant fisher-folk, dressed in the oddest of all costumes in Holland.

THE PEOPLE OF HOLLAND.

The people who live in Holland are called Dutch. They are noted for their bravery, pluck, industry, honesty, public spirit, and love of liberty and justice. They are quiet and sober, and never seem to be in a hurry. They have blue eyes, blonde hair, and fair

faces. The majority of the people in the cities dress much as do the people of our own Eastern cities. Paris, Berlin and London furnish the cities of Holland with the latest styles.

But away from the cities the people wear odd, curious costumes.

The Dutch women are very industrious. Many of them do men's work. They act as market porters, railway signal men, boat men and they even help the dogs draw wagons about. It looks to travellers as if the women do most of the work, while the men smoke and steer canal boats.

A DUTCH MAID.

So much out of door work makes the women of Holland strong and healthy, and their cheeks are usually rosy and their eyes bright.

The country people of Holland do not bother about any modern fashions. They prefer their own old, quaint styles of dressing.

The little girl frames her rosy face

in a white cap, finished off with a gold band over the forehead, and with golden ornaments at each side of the temples. Sometimes gold curls, that look like golden cork screws, dangle beside the sweet, serious face.

Her dress is always simple and plain. Sometimes her bodice is finished off at the neck with a snowy white kerchief. The head dress of a child is not so large and showy as her mother's, which sometimes represents the wealth of the family. The head dresses vary in different sections of the country. Frequently they are of pure gold and worth hundreds of dollars We would not consider them beautiful, but odd or curious.

In some parts of Holland the women have their hair cut short and wear close fitting caps, surmounted by a sort of helmet, finished off by great gold rosettes and blinders. Others wear a gold or silver plate at the back, from which hang deep folds of rich, rare, beautiful and costly lace.

The dress consists of a short dark skirt or perhaps several skirts, and a bright colored jacket, trimmed with silver buttons.

But the boys and the men are oddest of all. Why the material used in making one leg of the Dutchman's great baggy, velvet knickerbockers would make a little girl a skirt. Then the queer short jackets, trimmed with big silver buttons, the waist and knee buckles of silver, the wide crowned, brimless hat and wooden shoes; and oh, we must not forget the pipe, and one has the Dutchman dressed as he has been for centuries.

We find the people of both villages and cities wear-

ing [illegible]n shoes that clatter, clatter, clatter at [illegible] Every Saturday these shoes must be [illegible], not with shoe-blacking, but washed and [illegible]bbed with soap and water, and scraped inside and outside, until they shine for Sunday wear. A queer sight it is to see a long row of these wooden shoes of all sizes, standing outside the door or on a bush to dry. The Dutch children play with their shoes as other children play with toys. They sail them in the canal for boats, tying strings to them so that they can draw them in when they wish. Sometimes they use these shoes for beds for their dolls, or dishes and even for drinking vessels.

One can tell a school house in Holland by the great number of shoes at the door. When the children return home from school they take off their shoes and put on slippers.

The wooden shoe is very useful on St. Nicholas eve. Then the children do not hang up their stockings to be filled by Santa Claus, but instead place their wooden shoes by the fire place.

Very careful are they to secure a good fat carrot or a bunch of hay to place in the shoe so that when St. Nicholas comes, with his gifts for them, he will find something for his own good fiery steeds. In the morning, carrots and hay have disappeared and gifts have been left for good children.

Those who have been naughty during the year expect their gift to be a rod for parents to use on them, the coming year. St. Nicholas is supposed to be as careful to punish the naughty, as he is to reward the good.

The sixth of December is celebrated as St. Nicholas' birthday. It is kept as we keep Christmas Day in our country.

FEAST OF ST NICHOLAS.

The Dutch insist that our idea of Santa Claus originally came from Holland, where he is called St. Nicholas.

Happy is the boy or girl whose shoe holds silver

skates. Holland is truly a paradise for those who love to skate. Here the ice does not come and go as with us. When it once forms, it is for all winter. Each day gives it additional strength. The question "will it bear?" is not often heard.

What fun the boys and girls have in racing with one another! They seem more like bright birds than boys and girls as they skim over the ice, and their skates are of all sorts and kinds, from the aristocratic silver, the serviceable polished steel, to the clumsy wooden ones, fastened on with a bit of stout twine.

Everybody in Holland skates, from the little toddling child, that has just learned to walk, to the old, old grand parent. It is easier for a Hollander to skate than to walk.

The canals are crowded with little boys and girls; big boys and girls, fat, happy, rosy-cheeked boys and girls, thin, sad, cross boys and girls on their way to school, or work in shop or factory.

Men and women, fat, thin, old and young, all on skates. If we stand and watch the skaters we will be much amused, so odd do the people appear. Strange it seems to see a large pompous merchant, cane poised high in the air, on his way to his ware house; a peddler with a huge pack on his back making his way into a distant section; the school-master with an armful of books; the busy doctor, pondering on his patients; the market women loaded with their heavy baskets. Each and all glide by, only intent on business.

But of all the motley crowd we are most curious about the peasant girl, who skates so rapidly that she seems to have wings on her feet. She is dressed in

national costume, and across her shoulders is a wooden yoke from the ends of which hang pails filled with butter and cheese.

The push chairs seem strange. They are easy chairs lined with soft cushions and mounted on runners. When a lady is seated, she wraps herself in fur rugs, places her feet upon the foot stove and away she goes, pushed by a servant dressed in livery with skates on his feet. No matter how cold the day, she is as warm and comfortable, and enjoys her ride as much as though she was seated behind a span of horses.

WINTER AMUSEMENT.

Another very interesting sight on these frozen highways are the ice boats. Every one must keep a sharp look out for these boats, and keep out of their way. These vessels glide over the ice like great white winged birds. They are only or-

dinary boats, mounted on runners, so broad at the base that they can carry much larger sails than vessels of the same size in water.

These boats are used for every purpose. Gay parties of young folks, laughing and singing, bent on having a good time, while on their way to a neighboring town, shoot by; while, perhaps, just in its wake is another loaded with hay and vegetables; and still others carry merchandise for the factories.

Here and there booths are erected on the ice, where hot coffee, milk, chocolate, cake and all sorts of good things are sold.

Every family has a sleigh and the sleighs are made in the form of swans, shells or boats. But though winter is the gayest time in Holland, the children have almost as pleasant a time in the summer. Barefooted they wade and splash in the ponds and ditches; they sail little bits of wood, that they make believe are huge steamers. Then the swimming matches! How these Dutch boys and girls can dive! What sport rowing and sailing the large boats! And, too, the fishing. The waters of Holland are alive with fish. It needs but the keen skill of a Dutch boy to draw a prize from the water and land it in mother's frying pan, or in some neighbor's, in exchange for a cent or two.

HOMES AND HOME LIFE.

We find the houses of Holland odd-looking. They are tall, and sometimes lean to the right or left, backwards or forwards. This crooked state of affairs is due to the sinking of the piles on which the houses are built.

In the cities, the houses are frequently five and six stories high. The first three are the same width, very much broader than the upper ones, which grow narrower and narrower as they approach the peaked roof. Bright red tiles cover the roofs and they are further adorned with gilded weather vanes. The walls are also painted with some bright color.

As soon as we set foot in Holland, we remember that it has the reputation of being the cleanest country in the world. And this we find to be true. In the villages, where the houses are small, even the one-roomed huts are gaily painted and very clean.

THE VEGETABLE MAN.
Photographed by Mrs. J. H. Boyd

In the cities, with mop and scrubbing brush in hand, each housekeeper or her maid begins the day, arrayed in a short petticoat and wooden shoes. Every morning the house receives a bath. Window panes are drenched with water, then polished until they shine like mirrors. Sidewalks and doorsteps are scrubbed. Water is used in so liberal a way, that early in the morning a stranger might easily think that the place was flooded.

In the front of the house, instead of at the back, as with us, rugs are beaten, and bedding is being aired. There is need of great activity, for all this drenching, scrubbing, polishing must be over each morning by 10 o'clock. If the law did not thus place a limit, the Hollanders would be at it all day. When a Dutch woman, is not knitting you are sure to find her scrubbing, mopping, brushing or polishing either the inside or the outside of the house. Everything is so clean, and shines so, that a sunbeam seems to point with scorn at a stray speck of dust.

As the street door is opened, we hesitate to cross the sill, for the hall is so beautifully polished, that it seems almost wicked to walk on it. When we see the children just home from school, slip their feet out of their wooden shoes, before entering, we wish that we too, could enter in our stocking feet.

Few of the houses have carpets. White sand is scattered on the tile floor every morning. The kitchens have open fire places, and these are needed, for the dampness leaves the floors cold. Sometimes cork foot stools are kept near the fireplace.

Let us take a peep into a rich man's house. We find the floors made of tiles, laid in regular patterns, or else of polished wood, covered with rich and heavy rugs. The walls are hung with beautiful, often odd tapestries. The ceilings are richly frescoed. The furniture is heavy and durable, rather than frail and dainty; fine paintings, exquisite statuary, sparkling cut glass, massive silverware, and many beautiful and wonderful curios from China and Japan, are all about.

In the chief rooms we see great fire places, sur-

rounded by dark blue and white tiles upon which are painted biblical scenes. Here on Sunday afternoons children love to gather to hear the old, yet ever new,

From a painting by Jean Steen.
THE DANCING LESSON.

stories of Moses and the Egyptians, of Joseph and his brothers, of Daniel and the lions.

Upon the large mantels rest the brass candlesticks and the pipes, the pride and the joy of the master of the house. Here are pipes of all sorts and kinds from the plebian clay to the aristocratic meerschaum, mounted in silver and gold. Each pipe has a history. The master can tell you where he got it, how long he has had it, what he paid for it or who gave it to him. As he looks upon its beautiful brown color now, he takes care to tell you how white it was, when he first got it. The browner the pipe the better and more constant the smoker. Pipe and tobacco are always provided for a guest, also.

The Dutchman as soon as he wakens in the morning gets his pipe. Indeed, it is said that he even goes to sleep with it in his mouth, so that if he wakens during the night, the pipe will be ready for use.

The mother of the house is as fond of her foot stove as the master of his pipes.

Foot stoves are much used in Holland. They are tin boxes, shaped somewhat like a small bench, with a handle and filled with hot coals. The air is so damp and chilly, that foot stoves are used summer and winter in houses and churches. On Sunday, the sexton and his assistants, boys and old women, move softly about the church, and rent foot stoves to those who are willing to pay a penny.

One thing that you will think queer about the fine houses are the looking glasses fastened outside of the windows. These are so arranged that a person inside of a room, can, without being seen, know all that is going on in the street, and what visitor is using the huge brass knocker on the polished oaken door.

It makes us smile, when we see a Hollander in passing the house of friends, pause, then very deliberately bow to the house, to the windows, with no person visible in the house. This salute is intended as a mark of respect to all that the house contains. Do you not think it a pretty custom?

Have you not, when on your way to school, passed a house from the door bell of which hung a large black bow of crepe, or of black or white ribbon? This tells you there is sorrow here! A soul has left never to return.

Now in Holland, they tell not only their sorrow but their joy. When a Hollander passes a house and sees a cushion displayed upon the door, he knows at once that there is great rejoicing here, that a bran new soul has just arrived.

If the baby is a boy then the cushion is red; if blue or white, then the new comer must be a girl. Frequently the cushions, made of lace and ribbon, are large and showy. When the parents are very poor, they simply display a red or blue string.

Every Hollander, who has money to use for the luxuries of life, builds out of town a little summer house. This is painted in the gayest of colors, with a motto over the door.

These summer houses are very frail, only intended for summer pleasures. They are always near the canal, pond or ditch, which is often filled with water so stagnant as to rival the green of the fields. Fantastic bridges are everywhere. The Dutch so love the water, that they are not happy unless near it, and they are in no way particular about the kind, so long as it is wet.

To the summer house on warm afternoons, goes the owner with wife and children. Here, pipe in mouth, he smokes and dreams of his treasures. The good wife, with feet on the foot stove, even on the hottest day, knits away as though her life depended on finishing the long stocking before sunset. And the children, how they enjoy the day's outing! What a fine time they have fishing from the window, laughing, chatting with friends in passing boats, throwing crumbs to some old motherly duck or regal swan floating by, paddling barefooted or gathering the beautiful pond lilies!

Then comes a feast of the sweetest cakes, with coffee and delicious cream and milk, and back they go to their city home to sleep.

The Dutch breakfast is a very simple one—just tea, bread and butter. We shall add fried herrings to ours The Dutch eat their herrings rare. For luncheon there is delicious coffee, eggs, the sweetest butter in the world, and the cheese for which Holland is famed. Dinner is much like the same meal in any other country, and comes in the evening.

In America we have a milkman, but in Holland it is very apt to be a milk boy or a milk girl. The milk is carried in gay little carts, drawn by two, four or five large dogs. Generally these dogs are well-behaved and obey the slightest word or gesture. They trot along like well-behaved ponies. But we would enjoy seeing a team get excited and become unruly, as it does sometimes, when a canine enemy approaches. Then the dogs are bound to have a fight. Over goes the milk wagon, cans fly, dogs are all twisted up together. A fine time the poor owner has to reduce things to order.

In this queer land one sometimes sees a woman harnessed, instead of dogs, and pulling the milk carts as though she were but a beast of burden. Sometimes women and boys harnessed to long ropes tow the canal boats up and down.

A MILK WAGON

Carts or boats, loaded with all sorts of vegetables, stop at the door. In Holland vegetables are sold by weight, but more frequently by the meal.

When the cart or boat comes to the door, the housekeeper will ask for potatoes or beans or peas for eight persons. The market woman spreads out the

amount and names her price. The house-keeper is keen to get all she can, the market-woman to give as little as possible. Then follows a great haggling, so that either the price is lowered or more goods given.

CARRYING WATER

Holland is certainly a queer land. What do you think of a country that belongs to the sea, a country filled with rivers crawling to the sea, with lakes always anxious to wash the land, overflowing canals for streets, ditches for fences, and, yet with water, water, everywhere, not a drop to drink? Up or down the

canals ply the water barges, from which the people buy their drinking water. Girls and boys bring great water jugs to the boats to be filled. They carry the water to houses away from the canals and sell it just as milk is sold in our country.

WINDMILLS.

No matter which way we turn in Holland, we shall see great, long-armed windmills standing like so many soldiers on duty.

Holland is a country of windmills. Not only do the Dutch work themselves, but they make the slightest, daintiest breeze work for them.

The great windmills pump the water into the canals and out of the canals, out of lakes and rivers. They drain the land, they grind the corn, they saw the wood, beat the hemp, and in many other ways work for man.

The windmills are generally built in the form of a two-story tower, very broad at the bottom and tapering all the way to the top. The roof is made to turn with the wind. Just below the roof, the great arms are fastened, that carry the sails; the slightest wind sets these in motion, and so starts the works within the windmills.

The sails range in size from fifty to one hundred and thirty feet in length. So delicately are the sails adjusted, that, like well-trained soldiers, they are ever ready to obey the slightest command. When a little wind springs up, the great sails spread themselves and immediately begin to pump, to grind, to pound or do whatever task has been allotted to them. When it

ceases to blow the sails hang limp and lifeless, but ready, at the first breath, for duty again.

The windmills are gayly painted red, green, brown or blue. When the sails are new they are snowy white, but age colors them a dirty gray.

A HOLLAND LANDMARK.

It is said that there are 12,000 windmills in Holland, and that it costs yearly ten millions of dollars to keep them in working order.

But, alas! these gay, picturesque time-honored land marks are doomed. Gradually steam and electricity are taking their places. Already ugly, brick buildings, with great tall chimneys, have been built to house the great giants of the 19th century, steam and electricity.

When Holland ceases to use her windmills, she will have lost one of her chief characteristics. No one ever thinks of Holland without thinking of windmills.

HAARLEM.

Ten miles from Amsterdam lies the brave old historic town of Haarlem. It is sometimes called the floral city of Holland. Here we find gardens gay with tulip, hyacinth and crocus. Throughout Holland all flowers are loved, but the city of Haarlem especially loves the gay tulip, which is regarded as the queen of flowers.

Over this flower Holland once became crazy. Yes, once upon a time the wise, staid, unexcitable Hollanders actually went wild over tulips, and lost many of their precious florins in the mad desire to own the choicest and most beautiful specimens.

The first tulip seen in Holland came from Constantinople in 1599. This was admired very much by some rich Hollanders, who sent to Turkey for more bulbs. Then the Hollanders began to compare flowers; they grew envious; each tried to see who could own the finest tulip beds and get the choicest, most beautiful and rarest variety of this flower. This desire grew until everyone, rich and poor, had but one thought—tulips. The country actually became tulip crazy, and people spent large sums of money for a single bulb. One variety, called the Semper Augustus, brought the sum of five thousand dollars. One rich man gave half his fortune for a single bulb.

The craze grew and grew, so that men parted not only with money, but with land, houses, furniture, clothing and jewelry; everything went for tulips Think of giving a house for a flower bulb, of quarreling with a friend over a flower.

One day, an English botanist, who was visiting his

friend in this queer, mad Holland, picked up a bulb. Not knowing its value, he cut it in two, and was most carefully studying it, when the owner suddenly appeared, and in a rage asked the botantist what he was doing. The Englishman cooly answered, "Peeling a most extraordinary onion." This calm answer only increased the wrath of the Dutchman, who seized the unfortunate botanist, and in spite of his struggles, dragged him through the streets to a magistrate's office.

There the poor Englishman learned to his sorrow, that he had destroyed a bulb worth sixteen hundred dollars, and that to prison he must go, unless the sum was paid.

Another story is told of an unfortunate cook who, mistaking a tulip bulb for an onion, ate it, and met with a similar fate.

So the craze continued until every one, rich and poor, young and old, men, women and children, were buying, selling and quarrelling over tulips.

Fortunes were made and lost in a day, and then again others lost all they had. The only thing the people could think of was tulips.

At last the government became alarmed, and said the speculation in tulips must stop. People were made to see how foolish they had been. Down tumbled the price of tulips. The tulip bubble burst! Debts were not paid. Creditors went to law. But it was no use, for tulip debts could not be collected, for the law said that the buying and selling of these bulbs was nothing but gambling, and therefore, such debts could not be collected.

Gradually the country recovered from the tulip panic. While the flowers are still grown in immense quantities, it is only as other beautiful flowers are raised and sold.

Other cities are proud of their commerce, proud of fine buildings, paintings and works of art. But Haarlem cares only for her floral wealth.

THE CATHEDRAL OF HAARLEM.

Flowers seem to know when they are loved, and bloom here with great profusion, as if to give thanks for the loving care bestowed on them.

A walk about the city soon convinces us that the trees and shrubs are also carefully cared for. Tree trunks are gayly painted white, blue, yellow, or bright red.

Frequently the fences are living, growing hedges cut in all sorts of fantastical shapes. The shrub most used is the box-plant. This is a stocky, thick stemmed bush with small, dark glossy green leaves. Some of us have seen it used as a border in some old-fashioned flower-garden.

The hyacinth is a source of great wealth in Holland. No where else is it brought to so great a perfection in color and bloom. There is a tract of a thousand acres around Haarlem devoted to the culture of the bulbs. Millions of these are sent to all parts of the world. Forty thousand persons are engaged in the culture of this flower, and Haarlem is the center of the hyacinth trade of the world.

For years, next to its floral display, the city was proud of owning the largest organ in the world. People from far and near visited St. Baron's Cathedral to hear this wonderful organ that has four key boards, sixty-four stops and five thousand pipes, some of which are as slender as a pipe stem, while others are large enough for a man to crawl through.

The celebrated masters, Mozart and Handel, have played on this organ. The story is told that Handel, one day, entered the church alone, and at once began to draw such music from this organ as fairly to frighten the organist, who was standing at the church door, for he knew no one pair of hands could strike so many notes at once; finally he plucked up courage to enter the church and found that it was Handel pouring out his soul, not only with his hands but with his nose also for the notes out of reach of his fingers.

In the square outside the Cathedral is a large bronze

statue of Laurenze Janson, the sexton of the Cathedral. The Dutch claim that this man was the one who first invented printing. Just as Janson was about to reveal the art of printing he became sick, and his servant stole the type, which he carried to his brother Gutemberg in Germany. Gutemberg immediately made the art of printing known, claiming it to be his invention. The world accepts this as true, all but Holland, and she, in spite of all proofs, declares printing to be Janson's art.

In Dutch history Haarlem occupies a prominent place. Many a scar has been left here by the Spanish. Philip II, King of Spain, claimed the right to force the Hollanders to obey certain unjust laws, which it pleased him to lay upon this little country.

The Dutch submitted for a time, then rebelled. Philip sent the Duke of Alva, a very cruel Spanish general, to conquer them. He thought this would be an easy task, as the city was surrounded by a very weak wall. Much to his amazement, every time his men tried to storm the city they were driven back. Not only did the men fight, but women and children. When they could not use fire arms, they made use of boiling hot water and stones. While the Spanish army slept at night the Dutch worked like beavers building a new wall within the old. When the Spaniards battered down the old wall, it was to find a stronger one had been reared just within. Months went by and the Hollanders were starving to death. They had made a brave resistance, but it was no use. Then they determined to rush through the enemy's line and make one last effort for safety. The Spaniards

heard of this, and the Duke of Alva promised to pardon and spare the lives of the citizens if they would surrender the town. Believing the Duke, the Dutch surrendered. The Spaniards, headed by the hated Duke of Alva, who knew not the meaning of truth and honor, butchered every human being, young and old.

If we look on an old map of Holland we shall see Haarlem Lake. Here during the sixteenth century,

CITY HALL OF HAARLEM.

when Spain was fighting little Holland, the Dutch had a glorious victory. Spaniards laid seige to Haarlem and intended to capture the Dutch ships. They were not used to ice, and while these brave, gay, Spanish soldiers were slipping and tumbling and sprawling all over the ice, they found themselves taken captive by an army of Dutch on skates.

But this Haarlem lake is no longer on the maps. At one time it was a shallow but exceedingly troublesome body of water, which frequently in times of storm flooded the country. And there was always the danger that it might unite with the ocean and do untold mischief. For years the natives had anxiously watched this lake, and talked about draining it, but it was not until 1839 that the government began the work.

The first step was to surround the entire lake by a dyke and an encircling canal 37 miles in length. It took nine years for this work. In 1848 three huge engines began the work of pumping out the water from the lake. It was not until 1852 that the lake was dry and 45,000 acres of fertile land was added to Holland. Every acre of this great polder was sold at a price that almost paid for the enormous expense of draining it.

From all parts of Holland came farmers anxious to buy this land, so that on this polder, working side by side, are peasants in the quaint custumes of various sections of the country. Roads now cross this, the once lake, in every direction. So successful was the drainage of Haarlem Lake that the Hollanders have planned to add another huge polder to their country.

We now look at the map of Holland and notice the Zuyder Zee, how it bites into Holland? Zuyder Zee literally means South Sea, and is a branch of the North Sea.

Run a line across the Zuyder Zee from Enkluizen to the river Yssel, a distance of 28 miles. Here it is proposed to build a dyke and then drain this mmense enclosed tract. This work will take years of Dutch pluck and work, and will cost many millions of dollars.

But so fertile will the soil of this polder be that many miles of valuable land will be added to the country.

CANALS.

Holland has been called the "Land of dykes and ditches." It has not only raised walls to keep out the water, but walls to keep the water in the country. The Dutch not only fight the water, but make it captive, a slave to serve in every possible way. Canals cross the country in every direction. Many of the streets and avenues are not paved roads, such as we have in our cities and towns, but are water streets or canals. These canals are of all sizes, from the great North Holland ship canal, the wonder of the world, to very narrow ditches.

The North Holland canal is 50 miles long, and extends from Amsterdam to the Helder. It enables vessels trading from Amsterdam to avoid the islands and sand-banks of the dangerous Zuyder Zee.

The New Amsterdam canal is about $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, 25 feet in width, and extends from Amsterdam to the North Sea.

There is a net-work of canals, connecting the villages and towns of Holland, and between these ply stage boats carrying passengers, freight and sometimes the mail. The owner lives on the boat with his family. A large population lives in canal boats the year round. Many of the Dutch have no other home. Frequently children are born, spend their lives and die on the canal. Only after death does mother earth become the resting place.

Houses are built on the sides of the canals. If a

Hollander desires to go up, or down town, he hails a passing boat, just as we would hail a cab or car in our own city. Vessels are frequently hitched like horses to door posts. Merchandise is carried from store to the homes by boats. The transportation of goods is

CANAL SCENE.

an important industry in Holland. Transportation by water is easy to every part of the country.

The flat tops of the dykes are used as wagon roads, and very excellent roads they make. Tramways and

railways are easy to build in so level a country as Holland, and there are a number of them, but the thrifty Hollanders find it cheaper and more convenient to use their ditches and canals for transportation.

LEYDEN.

This quiet, sleepy little town, like others in Holland, is quaint, picturesque and clean. Leyden consists of fifty islands joined together by more than one hundred and fifty canals. Many little branches of the river Rhine meander sluggishly through marsh and fen. Canals intersect the towns in all directions. In this place, as well as at Utrecht, are produced the hard bricks called Dutch clinkers, that are used to pave the roads throughout the country. Leyden, like the city of Haarlem, suffered from the cruelties of the Spaniads. And as we pause before a monument, our guide will tell us that is a great Van der Werf, the hero who saved Leyden from Spanish hands.

How, do you ask? Simply by Dutch pluck. It happened this way. After the awful siege of Haarlem, the Spanish determined to conquer Leyden. Knowing how false and cruel the Spaniards were to Haarlem, the people of Leyden resolved never to surrender.

Then came awful months when the enemy surrounded the town and amused themselves by sending fire, misery and death into their midst. For a long time they could get no word to the Prince of Orange, commander of the Dutch army. Then, as a last resort, carrier-pigeons were used. These birds were sent flying over the heads of the Spanish army, carrying under their wings messages for help. Months went by.

No help came. With true Dutch patience they waited and suffered. At length, they received word that the Prince had cut the dykes. He would destroy the rich farm lands rather than give it up to the enemy. Then, too, by cutting the dykes, the sea would enable him to float a fleet to the walls of the city and wash the Spaniards out of their forts.

Hope ran high for a time. But alas! it seemed as though the sea was the ally of the Spanish army, for the water refused to rise. Then came a dreadful period of waiting. These people were starving. Horses, dogs, cats, even the blades of grass were devoured and there was nothing more. Then came a plague and the people died in great numbers. How the sufferers prayed for food and rain! They finally sought the burgomaster, Van der Werf, and begged him to surrender, for these brave people felt they could bear no more. Even Dutch endurance had reached its limit, they thought. Do you think Van der Werf agreed with them? Well, this was his answer. "I have sworn to defend this city, and, with God's help, *I mean to do it!* If my body can satisfy your hunger, take it, and divide it among you, but expect no surrender so long as I am alive."

This brave answer gave renewed courage. Soon their prayers were answered. One dark night, the rain came in torrents. The sea with its huge waves came marching up, up to the city's walls, flooding the Spanish camps, drowning many, while others fled for their lives, just when, if they had known it, the city was ready to surrender. The sea did for the Dutch what fire could not do.

What joy in the morning, when they saw the Dutch fleet laden with bread and fish and, better yet, their own beloved Prince.

What do you think was the first thing these glad people did? Eat, do you say? Ah, no, they were too thankful. They entered the Cathedral and sang a thanksgiving hymn.

Afterward, when the Prince heard how they had suffered, and of the heroic defense they had made, he offered to release them from all taxes.

With true Dutch pluck, they answered, "We prefer to have a university."

Was not that a noble answer for these weakened people to make? Ah, but it is only those who can suffer and be strong that ever do the great things of this world.

The people of Leyden knew that "knowledge is power." And so the Leyden University was founded. In the course of time this became famous and drew scholars from all civilized lands to enjoy its advantages.

This ancient city of Holland is closely connected with our own history. From here came a number of the pilgrims who crossed in the Mayflower. These brought with them many a liberal idea that they had learned from the Dutch while living in Leyden under the pastoral care of John Robinson. You know how the Pilgrims were driven out of England, and obliged to seek safety in Holland. Here they lived and were well treated, but they saw that their children were fast losing English ways and speech and becoming Dutchmen. If they would keep their own nationality they

must leave Holland. So in the Speedwell they sailed from Delftshaven, Holland, to Southhampton, England, where they were to join the Mayflower. Both ships started for America, but the Speedwell sprang a leak

A STREET IN UTRECHT.

and was obliged to put back for repairs. Once again they started, but were obliged to return, for the Speedwell was unseaworthy. At length the Mayflower started alone and entered Plymouth, Mass., in 1620,

bringing broader and more liberal ideas from contact with Leyden thought.

Holland has been a haven of refuge for the persecuted Jew, hunted Pilgrim, Protestant and Catholic suffering from the bigotted of the opposite power. Holland was the first country not only to teach but to practice religious liberty and toleration of all mankind to all mankind.

The little germ of toleration brought from Holland, took deep root in America; so that to-day our republic offers freedom of thought to all.

Many of our customs come directly to us from Holland. The first settlers of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware were the Dutch. Many towns and streets still retain Dutch names.

Albany was once called Fort Orange in honor of William, Prince of Orange, and New York was New Amsterdam. It was the English who changed the names. Many of our finest and best people trace their ancestors back to Holland. Our President, Roosevelt, is of Dutch descent.

It was the Dutch who taught us to make doughnuts, crullers, waffles and buckwheat cakes.

The pretty custom, once so universally kept, of making calls on New Year's Day is an old Holland celebration.

This is their salutation:

"I wish you a Happy New Year!
Long may you live!
Much may you give!
Happy may you die!
And Heaven be yours
By and by."

If we wish to see the finest Cathedral in Holland, we must go to Utrecht. The town is also celebrated for its beautiful velvet, silks and woolen goods.

THE HAGUE.

Nine and a half miles from Leyden is the Hague, the political capital of Holland. The government

THE HAGUE.

buildings are in this place which is the court residence of the Dutch princes. Queen Wilhelmina was born in the royal palace at the Hague.

Holland is a limited monarchy. While it has a Queen, it has also a Congress elected by the people.

Visitors to the Hague almost always visit the palace of the Queen and the houses of Parliament.

The city is famous for its fine palaces, splendid hotels, elegant homes and museums. It is thought by many to be the handsomest town in the country. The bathing on the beach near the Hague is excellent, and for this reason, and because of the presence of royalty, the place has become noted as a summer resort.

The Hague is more like a European city than any other in Holland. Here we see less of the picturesque national costumes and more of the fashionable dress "right from Paris."

Ambassadors from the foreign countries reside at the Hague, just as they do at our capital, Washington. Here we find many broad streets lined with tall magnificent elm and linden trees and homes of the well-to-do, prosperous Dutch.

The very rich, as we count riches in America, are very few; so are the very poor. The people, as a whole, are comfortable. Each family has a little nest egg which is added to slowly but surely, until a comfortable sufficiency is reached.

The picture gallery at the Hague attracts many visitors, and numbers of them may always be found grouped about two of the most noted pictures in the gallery, "The School of Anatomy," the masterpiece of Rembrandt, and "The Bull," by Paul Potter.

This last named picture is one of the most wonderful ever painted. It once hung in the Louvre, and was considered the fourth picture in importance there. It was brought back to Holland after a time, however, and will probably never be allowed to leave the coun-

try again. England has offered a million francs for it, but the Dutch will not part with it for any sum. The picture is so life-like that it seems as if the animals in it live and breathe.

The stork is the heraldic crest of the city. A house has been built in the middle of the fish market for a

PALACE OF JUSTICE.

number of these birds, which are fed and cared for at the expense of the city.

Near the Hague, in the midst of a grand park called the Bosch, is a royal palace called "The House in the Wood." A magnificent avenue two miles long,

leads to the house. This is one of the finest promenades in the world. The grand old trees of this forest and park are regarded as almost sacred. No boy would think of breaking a bough or twig.

So beautiful are these oaks that they touched the heart of that royal butcher, Philip of Spain, and his

PRINCESS STREET, THE HAGUE.

assistant, the Duke of Alva. While the Spaniards were slaying the men of Holland by thousands, Philip issued the order that the trees should be spared; not a branch was to be broken.

Queen Wilhelmina spends part of her time in this "House in the Woods." The building is very plain on the outside, but within is beautifully furnished and

decorated. It is noted for its fresco works by the celebrated painter, Peter Paul Rubens, and for its tapestries.

Would you like a glimpse of the beach near by? Then let us call for a carriage or else take this tram car. It will be a delightful ride of about three miles through the city, and a park containing the most beautiful old trees. A seat on the top of the car is very pleasant, as it enables us to see about us. We shall not need to carry sun shades. The trees of the forest are so large and so close to the car track that their branches almost meet overhead.

The name of the watering place to which we are going is Scheveningen, on the shores of the North Sea. Crowds of people are walking about on the beach, when we arrive. Some of them are fashionably dressed, others are humbly attired fisher folk or laboring people.

The beach is strewn with great covered wicker chairs, for those who can afford to rent them. Many people spend hours on the beach in these snug places, protected from the wind and sun. If one grows tired watching the waves, he has only to turn the chair about and look at the people sauntering by, or listen to the music from a great building at hand.

Back from the beach a little way, are a number of fine hotels and shops and booths, where one can buy all sorts of curios as souvenirs to take home.

If one grows hungry, there is a little refreshment stand near by, where lemonade and cherries may be bought. Every one seems to be buying and eating cherries, so we buy some too, and then proceed to hire

a little bath house, yes *hire*, a little bath house, for that is the way people do here.

We are going to have a salt water bath. So we enter tiny bath houses on wheels, and men push them out into the water. Then we put on our bathing suits and step into the water. This salt water bath is the most enjoyable part of the trip to the beach, and after it we feel refreshed and ready to continue our journey.

DELFT.

The word Delft brings to our minds tiles, cups and saucers, plates and clocks with scenes of ships, canals, windmills, rivers, fields and cows painted in that beautiful, dark, rich blue known the world over as Delft blue.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Delft was a busy manufacturing town, celebrated chiefly for its potteries. But, like everything else, people lost the craze for this ware, so that gradually the potteries were obliged to close. Just at present, the taste for this ware has been revived, and while the work of to-day is very artistic, the art of coloring it as in the early days is a lost art.

There are shops in this town that contain little else beside this porcelain ware, and as all tourists wish to take home some souvenir of Holland, they usually part with some of their Dutch money here.

Dutch money is in florins (or guldens) and cents. A florin is a silver coin worth forty cents in our money. It is worth one hundred Dutch cents, so you see that a Dutch cent is worth but two fifths as much as one of our pennies. There are other coins also—

half florins, or guldens, quarter guldens, tenth guldens and twentieth guldens, and half pennies. They have a silver coin worth two and a half gulden pieces, that corresponds to our dollar, and gold coins of larger denominations.

It was of this town that Longfellow wrote in "Keramos."

"What land is this? Yon pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;
The pride, the market place, the crown
And center of the Potter's trade.
See! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser shine;
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim flasks with fleurs-de-lis,
And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter topped, and queer
With comic mast and musketeer,
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles;
The parlor walls, the chamber floors,
The stairways and the corridors.
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,
That never droop in wind or showers
And never wither on their stalks."

This little town is rich in memories of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, or as the Dutch love to speak of him, Father William. Here he lived, here he was murdered by Gerard, and here, in the royal mausoleum, in the new church, lie all the princes of Orange. There are two large monuments in Delft to William, Prince of Orange. Also one to Hugo Grotius, who devoted himself to a literary life.

They tell a funny story of this hero. Having dis-

pleased the government, Grotius was seized and condemned to imprisonment for life. He was allowed at stated intervals to receive a large chest of books. At first the guards carefully inspected the huge chests as they passed to and fro. But as time passed on the guards grew careless of opening chests that contained nothing but heavy books and linen. One day Grotius' wife, who shared his prison, persuaded him to jump into the chest. After locking it, she sent for the soldiers, as usual, to carry the chest to the vessel. They did so, grumbling all the while at the weight of the chest. Finally, after many narrow escapes, he reached Paris, where his bright wife joined him. He was never allowed to return to Holland. But while in exile he wrote many books of which Holland is very proud.

THE STORK.

In traveling about through the country, we notice numbers of huge birds, standing around in the fields, on the tops of houses, or flying about with great wings loosely flapping. They are the storks, so loved and revered by the Dutch. They seem more numerous in and near Delft than anywhere else. They are very tame too, and in this town walk about the streets, and sometimes even into the buildings.

The stork is the national bird of Holland, just as the eagle is ours. We find it engraved upon the arms of the capitol. The bird is protected by law, and any one guilty of killing a stork would be severely punished. A boy would never think of hurting a stork or disturbing its nest. The Dutch believe that the storks bring good luck to any house to which they come. As

an inducement they place old cart wheels close to the chimneys of their thatched gable roofs, hoping that the storks may honor them with a nest. The birds are fond of building their nests on the roofs of houses.

AT THE GATE OF DELFT.

Sometimes a pole is stuck into the ground and a basket placed on it for the storks.

The Dutch also value these birds because of their

usefulness. They devour the frogs and toads that go hopping about out of the canals, and rid the country of other reptiles and insects.

One of the stories told of the stork in Delft, illustrates a noted trait of the bird—its great affection for its young. One day a terrible fire was raging in the town. It ran from roof to roof, from street to street. The mother storks on the roofs tried to carry away their little ones from the nests on the roofs, but the young birds were too heavy. When the mother birds found they could not save their little ones, they sat down on their nests, covered their little ones with their wings, and died in the flames.

Many other stories are told of this bird, but none of of them is prettier than the story of the storks told by Hans Andersen. Many nurses in Holland tell the Dutch children that the storks bring the little babies.

FLOWERS.

Everywhere in this country the love of flowers is noticeable. Flowers are growing not only in the well kept gardens of the rich, but in the little window boxes of the poor. Even the canal boats have pretty flower beds. Gay tulips, sweet hyacinths with their fairy-like bells, and the brave little purple and yellow crocus, flourish in every garden, great or small. Pond lilies with their great fan-like leaves are encouraged to grow not only in ponds but in rivers and canals. The sandy soil of Holland, mixed with the rich marsh mould, is well adapted to the growing of bulbs.

Many of the old sea captains, when they found flowers growing in foreign countries, which were not in

Holland, would bring home with them a bulb or slip. If the air of Holland or its soil did not suit a plant, they would make a soil or climate that it would flourish in. The Dutch were the inventors of the green or hot house. They discovered how to slope the glass of the hot house so as to get the most power from the sun's rays. For over a century Holland led all countries in the culture of plants and flowers.

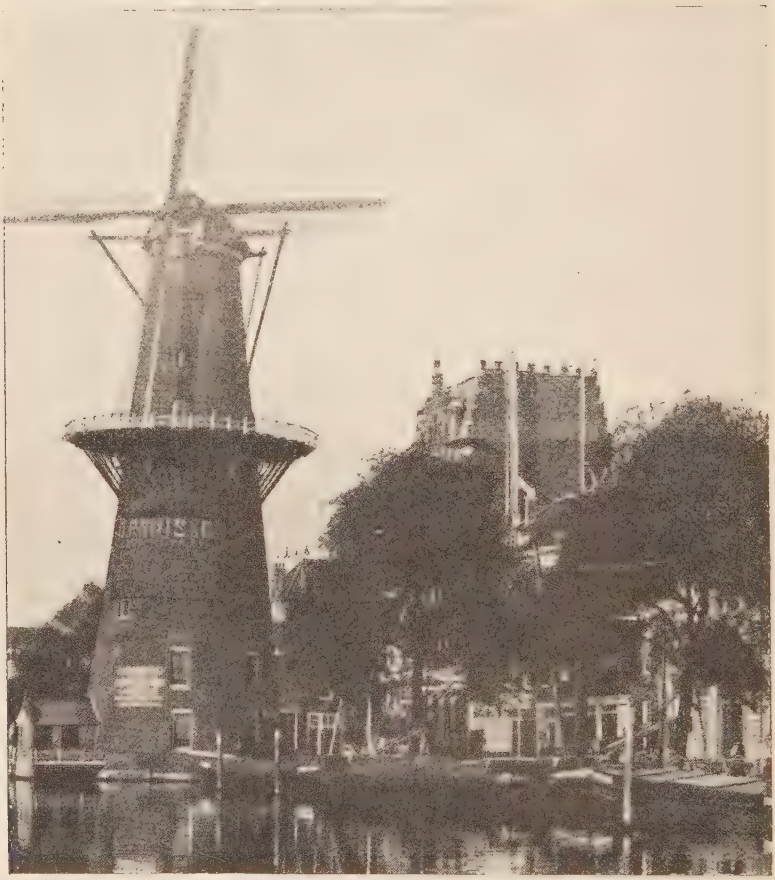
ROTTERDAM.

From the quiet, quaint old city of Delft to Rotterdam, the greatest seaport of Holland, is but a short journey. The city is on the right bank of the Maas River, near the mouth of the Rhine, about fourteen miles from the North Sea. Its excellent situation gives it the control of the inland trade with Germany and the heart of Europe. Rotterdam is the European terminus for some of the great steamship lines. It is from this place that most of the Dutch emigrants start.

Rotterdam gets its name from the Rotte, a small stream running through the city, and the great dam built where the Maas River unites with the Rotte, hence the name Rotterdam. We are interested to know that the first dyke built about Rotterdam was begun in 1000 A. D. Built in sections, this dyke was made one solid wall in 1281 A. D. It has been added to year by year, until it now has a length of more than forty miles.

It was this dyke that the Prince of Orange in 1574 cut to flood the country, when the Spaniards were besieging Leyden. After the Spaniards had been drowned or driven out by the sea, let loose

upon the land, and the people of Leyden saved from starvation by the relief boats, the water was driven back and this dyke was mended. By the year 1615, Rotterdam ranked as a first class city.



IN OLD ROTTERDAM.

Rotterdam has a population of 310,000. It is the second commercial town in Holland, and so excellent is its site that it bids fair to surpass

Amsterdam. The chief attraction in this city is a fine quay 1¼ miles long, called the Boompjes, which means little trees; these are elms, little trees when planted, in 1615, in a long line, but now they are grown to be majestic, noble elms. On one side of the pier lie the brightly painted river steamers, ready to carry passengers and freight up the Rhine and Moselle. Here also we see the huge rafts loaded with wood and timber brought down the Rhine from the dense forests of Germany.

On the other side of the pier are the great ocean steamers and ships that ply between Holland and all parts of the world. As we read Borneo, Java, Celebes, Sumatra, names painted on some of the vessels and see loads of spices and tropical fruits carried ashore, we know at once that these vessels are the connecting link between the Dutch East Indies and the little mother country, Holland. Here are also large steamers loaded with goods for and from the United States.

Among the places of interest in the city is a cathedral, with a great organ of fifty thousand pipes; a museum, gallery and reading rooms where all the journals of Europe may be found; a number of charitable institutions and the market place.

In the narrow streets we meet Dutch country girls in odd costumes, going to this market to sell their milk or cheese. Some of them ride donkeys and others walk beside dogs. Some are carrying fruit in baskets. The baskets are hung from each end of a pole, which is carried on the shoulders. It is such a queer market as we have found nowhere else, being held in a grove

of trees in the middle of a great square—a square that is built on vaults over the canals.

Articles are exhibited for sale in booths and in hundreds of odd little carts. There are carts of cabbages, and melons, celery, vegetables and fruits of every kind and color. There are great piles of fruit and vegetables all jumbled together, or in baskets, on the pavements.

THE MARKET.

Women, with knitting in their hands, tend to the stalls or carts, and dogs guard the possessions of their masters and mistresses.

In the square is a statue of the great scholar Erasmus. His eyes are fastened on an open book he holds in his hand. But no one pays any attention to him in this busy place.

A little way from the square is the cathedral. The

chimes in the steeple play every hour of the day and night—the national airs, or parts of the German and Italian operas.

ON THE CANAL.

Close to the market are many canals, crowded with boats that bring fish, vegetables, fruit and other kinds of food to the city. Many of these come from the farms near by.

Our journey would be incomplete without a trip to the country on one of these boats. Let us go aboard this one nearest us. It looks like a long house on a barge, and that is what it is. It is drawn by a horse that is attached to it by a long rope. The driver carries a horn, which he blows when he wants a bridge raised or when he meets another boat.

There are two cabins in the boat. The one we first enter has cushioned seats on two sides. The windows have white curtains. There is a cupboard containing tea things, and a table. Everything is very clean. The men in the cabin are all smoking. It does not seem to occur to them that there may be passengers who do not like the tobacco smoke about them.

Looking from the windows, we can see odd little garden houses, overhanging the side of the canal. They have their names written upon them, and queer names some of them are too. The stiff little gardens are gay with tiers of flower pots. The trees are closely cut, and the trunks painted red, blue and yellow. Even the grass is painted in striped patterns, like a carpet.

At every turn of the boat a lovely picture meets the eye. The winding canal bears us past villas and fine farms, through quiet, windmill-dotted meadows,

where sheep and cattle graze; we meet other boats—comfortable house boats, where the owners seems to live exactly as if they were in houses on the land. There are curtains at the windows, and perhaps bird cages. The mother sits on deck, rocking a cradle, sewing or preparing vegetables for dinner. The children frolic on the deck with dogs, and never seem to tumble off into the water.

Some of these boats carry garden produce, others fuel, stone or other freight. When these boats meet they are often stopped in order that their owners may visit each other, or chat awhile.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Near the cities and spread along the principal canals and rural highways are the villas of the wealthy Dutch merchants. They are usually surrounded by broad grounds, green fields and well cultivated farms.

The houses are covered with thick paint of every color, and ornamented with stucco and odd coats-of-arms. They are not at all beautiful, to American eyes. The trees are trimmed or clipped to look like the wooden trees that come with the toys that are given our children on Christmas. The gardens are laid out in stiff patterns in rows and ridges.

Agriculture is the chief industry of Holland, but more land is devoted to pasturage than to crops. A part of the land is fertile and well cultivated, but much of the country is too marshy to be tilled. Neither will wood grow on it. But it yields rich green grass or hay, and gives food to great herds of cattle. Horses, hogs, sheep and goats are also raised on these

lowland farms. The peasants who raise stock are called boers.

About half the land in Holland is owned by the peasant farmers who cultivate it. There are no large estates here, such as we saw in Great Britain. The Dutch peasants are as a rule polite, intelligent, self-reliant, sober and industrious. Many of them are well educated. While there are few very rich among them, there are also few who are p o o r. Even the poorest usually has a patch of ground and a pig or two.

A FRISIAN CHILD.

Among the more common crops are wheat, rye, oats, buckwheat, horse-beans, beets, madder, chicory, tobacco, hemp, flax, oil seed and hops.

The farmers have little canals around their fields and gardens, that serve to drain the land and take the place of walls or hedges. These canals also act as roadways.

The farmer loads his hay on boats, directly from the fields and sends it home to be stored away. The milk-

maids come sailing down these same canals in the evening to milk the cows in the fields. Produce is taken to market, not in wagons, but in boats drawn by horses or by the farmer and wife or their servants.

These boats are painted red or blue, and have brown sails. All day long they ply the canals, loaded with

A VILLAGE STREET.

great piles of scarlet tomatoes, green cabbages, huge yellow gourds, fruit or hay.

A whole family often accompanies the load to town, or to market, and sometimes lives aboard the boat for days. The children enjoy these excursions more than anyone else, and are usually accompanied in their frolics on deck by the family dog.

The Dutch farmer counts his wealth in cows and windmills rather than many acres of land. Great herds

of fine Holstein cattle may be seen in his fields and meadows, during the summer. These cows are black and white, and very large, fine animals. The farmer feeds and watches them with as much care as his children, and they frequently sleep under the same roof that shelters him and his family.

The cow house and the parlor are sometimes side by side, and one is quite as clean a place as the other. Surely no cows in any other land have such pleasant, comfortable quarters.

Let us take a look at one of their stables or cow houses on this dairy farm. The cows are not in it now. They leave their winter quarters in May and do not come back until November.

The first room we enter contains stalls for thirty cows. The floors are of porcelain covered with a layer of white sawdust. Above each stall is a window curtained with neat white muslin curtains. Before the stall runs a trough of water for the cows to drink. In the ceiling behind each stall is an iron hook. You would never guess what this is for, so I will have to tell you. It is meant to hold in the air the cow's tail. During the winter, the cows are washed and combed as carefully as if they were children. They are petted and coddled, and every thing possible done for their comfort. If the weather is cold they have their blankets or canvas coverings.

These fine cows give great quantities of milk, and every year the Dutch send millions of pounds of butter to England. Great quantities of beef are also sent to England.

In other rooms of this dairy, the milk is kept, and

the cheese presses, where hard little balls of cheese are made. Great numbers of these cheeses are made and sent to other countries.

Holland leads the world in the production of cheese. Cheese makers from other lands come to this country to learn the secret of cheese making. There are many

THE WEALTH OF HOLLAND.

kinds, one of them, the Edam, having a world-wide celebrity. This cheese is a great favorite of the Hollanders. It has a peculiar red rind, and is considered the finest cheese made in Europe.

Some of the farm houses are large and very comfortable, and their rich owners live well. They give

employment the year round to numbers of people who own no farms of their own. The married laborers live in the villages near by.

The kitchen is the principal room in the home of the Dutch peasant. It has a tile or red brick floor, sprinkled with red sand, a brick hearth, and tiled walls. But everything is as clean as it is possible for soap and water to make it. The chairs and tables are polished, and the copper kettles and pans shine.

It is necessary to be constantly rubbing and polishing, too, for the country is very damp and the rust and mould would soon spoil the furniture and everything in the house. A bright open fire burns on the brick hearth and the cool, damp climate makes its heat very welcome.

One would look for the beds in these houses a long time before one would find them. When it is bed time, a sliding door in the wall is opened and the beds appear. They are like shelves, and contain the bed clothes and linen usually found on beds.

In the room is a huge old chest filled to the cover with white linen. The Dutch housewife is very proud of her linen, and keeps enough in her house to last for many years.

Free farms have been established in Holland by the government, to assist poor Hollanders and prevent them from becoming paupers. The law forbids begging, and the absence of beggars and lack of poverty is due largely to the care exercised by the government.

Men are taught to garden, to farm and do other kinds of work. When a man has acquired sufficient knowledge of farming he is given a little place of his

own in a colony on a government farm. Such tenants are called free farmers, but they pay a small rent.

The families on the farms are grouped into colonies of about fifty, and have schools, churches, and a school of gardening. Each little farm contains about seven acres, and has a brick dwelling house, and a cow-shed. If the farmer has no furniture it is provided for him. These free farmers or laborers are allowed to remain as long as they are industrious, or until they are able to secure better places.

A COUNTRY HOME.

All the churches look out for their poor. On Sunday the collection box is passed twice in the churches, once for the poor. The commune only takes care of the poor who do not belong to any of the churches.

THE FISHERIES OF HOLLAND.

One of the leading industries of Holland is its fisheries. The Zuyder Zee and the North Sea contain many food fish. The fish trade helped to make Holland the prosperous country she is. The North Sea was rich in herring. More were caught than could be

GROUP OF HOLLAND FISHER CHILDREN.

used, so a thoughtful fisherman, who understood the curing of fish, secured a few kegs. packed them with salted herring and shipped them to other countries. They were quickly sold and the demand came for more. After a time these Dutch herrings became famous all the world over, and the herring fisheries a source of great wealth to the country.

In the winter the vessels go out fishing for cod. For this fish they must go to the far north, where the fishermen often meet with stormy weather. Sometimes the fishing vessels are lost, and all on board perish. On the days when the fishing fleets sail away, special prayers are offered in many of the churches for the protection of the fishermen and their success.

A DUTCH BOAT

Photographed by Mrs. J. H. Boyd.

RELIGION.

The people of Holland are very religious, and the church services are always well attended. The churches are not interesting. The interiors of many of them are cold, ugly and cheerless, with whitewashed walls. The pulpits are large, heavy and odd, though the carving on them is elaborate and sometimes beautiful.

The men wear their hats during preaching, removing them only at times of prayers and singing. Another odd sight to visitors from other lands, is the great pile of fire boxes in the vestibule of the churches, before

service. In the winter, the churches are not warmed, and these boxes are filled with a square of red hot peat, making a foot stove such as our grandparents used to have.

The Protestant religion prevails. There are about half as many Catholics as Protestants, and a large number of Jews. These last have been attracted to Holland because religion in the country is free. No one suffers on account of his creed.

EDUCATION.

Holland is one of the most advanced countries in Europe, in public education. Good schools for all are provided by the government. These are not free, but are nearly so. The fees are very moderate. In some places instruction is provided for a pupil at a little over a penny a week.

The very poor pay nothing, and in cities special schools are provided for them.

Education is not compulsory, but all children are expected to attend school from twelve to fourteen years.

But there are numbers of children in Holland who are not able to attend school. Among these are the country children, who live among the moors and fens, and those who live on board ship. The boats on which these little ones live, never remain in one place for any length of time. They must be forever on the move, carrying merchandise between far-distant places inland. Many have no opportunity to attend the schools that are provided for them, but are beyond their reach.

The school houses of Holland are fine buildings. The

furniture is of the best, and the course of instruction excellent. Special attention is paid to drawing. The teachers are well trained for their work, and well paid. A house is built for the teacher a few yards

DUTCH FISHING VILLAGE.

away from the school building, and there he lives and plans the work for his assistants, teaching only those classes he likes best. The teacher in Holland is an

important person, and is well cared for by the government. When too old to teach, he is pensioned as are our soldiers.

Holland has three universities. One of them, the Leyden university, enjoys a world wide reputation for excellence. It has exercised a great influence in Holland.

ANCIENT HOLLAND.

Take a long look backward, and try to see Holland as it was before the Christian era. The sea rose and fell, stormed and tossed its waves over the greater part of the land we now call Holland. Instead of cities with canals, churches, steeples and windmills, was a country given over to marshy weeds, reeds and rushes and willow trees, growing by lakes, ponds and pools which furnished homes for millions of water birds and frogs.

Floods were common. When the rain fall was great or when the ice and snow melted in great quantities, lakes and pools became roaring seas and the whole country would lie soaking in the water.

The first human beings who lived here were hunters and fishermen, savages, who wore rough skins for clothing. These must have worked like human beavers, digging trenches and building dams to protect their huts from the water.

The real civilization of Holland did not begin until the Romans took possession of the country and began at once to construct dykes.

The Romans were highly civilized when the people living about the North Sea were savages and barbarians. The Romans soon subdued them, made

slaves of them and compelled them to dig, build dykes, and fight for the glory of Rome.

Under Roman rule, this country steadily improved for many years. Old Roman roads are now the main avenues of many a Dutch city.

In digging down into the mire and peat, Roman coins two thousand years old, and curios of most ancient Roman workmanship are frequently found. With the fall of Rome came many changes and troubles. During the Roman rule the country made great strides toward civilization. But it was not until Christianity had full sway, that the true nobility of these people asserted itself. Then they dared to suffer and be strong.

Many a battle have the Dutch had to hold their own. From time to time various European powers have desired to subdue and annex this little country.

Here the Spaniards have left many a scar and mark of their hated presence. Even today many of the streets bear Spanish names. Spanish words have crept into the language. Many a Dutchman has a Spanish ancestor of whom he is ashamed.

The Dutch threw off the Spanish yoke, just as we did the British, and for the same reason, taxation without representation. We, in forming our union of colonies in 1776, and declaring ourselves free by a declaration of independence and then fighting for freedom, were but imitating Holland, when she freed herself from Spain under the leadership of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, surnamed the Silent.

For his sake the House of Orange is loved and revered by the Dutch, who feel that they can never

discharge their debt of gratitude. Many of his descendants were brave and wise. The last of the line is Wilhelmina, the present girl queen of Holland.

A BIT OF OLD HOLLAND.

The great Napoleon, who made all Europe tremble, whose one desire was to found an empire that should include all Europe, appreciated rich little Holland and claimed it as his because Holland is the creation of the Rhine.

Napoleon said "the highland countries are mine by right of conquest. Therefore the delta of the Rhine is also mine, as it is formed by the soil, washed down by the Rhine, from my other countries." Holland, like the

other countries of Europe, suffered much from the whims of Napoleon. Then came troubles with its neighbor, Belgium.

The rulers of Holland were not strong, wise men, seeking the good of the nation, but seeking their own pleasures and glorification.

It was not until the reign of William II (1841-1850) that Holland began to recover her old-time vigor. The granting of a new constitution, giving the people almost the freedom and privileges of a republic, did much toward inspiring new hope and courage to the sturdy Dutch.

This brave little country, besides working and watching to keep the sea out of her land, and fighting her enemies in the land, has managed to acquire vast colonial possessions. In all parts of the world she has gained a foothold and has not hesitated to enter the colonial field with nations ten times as large. About the year of 1660, the Dutch controlled the commerce of the world. For a long time Holland was the only country with which Japan would allow any dealing. To-day, the museums and private houses of Holland are rich in all sorts of curios brought from China and Japan.

The commercial supremacy of Holland was secured by a most powerful company, known as the Dutch East India Company. Its object was to secure a monopoly of the trade in the East and to keep up the prices of the great spice trade. This Company seized many large important islands, chief of which are Java, about the size of New York state, and famous the world over for its excellent coffee and sugar; Sumatra,

noted for its great size, 1000 miles long, with an average width of 160 miles, and for its spices, India rubber, gold. tin, coal and lead; and Borneo, larger than our Texas, noted for its spices, tobacco and great forests of valuable wood.

It was the Dutch East India Company who sent Henry Hudson to find a shorter way to the Pacific, with the result that he discovered the river in New York state that now bears his name, and laid claim to large tracts of land on this continent.

When we think of the size of Holland, 12,648 square miles, with a population of little more than five millions —it seems almost incredible that she should be able to control the Dutch East Indies, which cover an area of 736,400 square miles with a population of about 34 millions.

To-day, this little country ranks fourth among the nations of Europe in foreign commerce. Not only is its trade by sea great, but by means of its canals and rivers, chiefly the Rhine, it has a large trade with the interior of Europe.

HOLLAND OF TO-DAY.

In 1890, King William III, the last member of the house of Orange, died and left the throne of Holland to his little daughter Wilhelmina. At this time she was but ten years of age, entirely too young to rule.

Emma, the mother of the young Queen, was appointed as ruler in her little daughter's place. So well did this Queen mother perform her task that Holland was in a better condition when Wilhelmina was crowned than it was when William III died.

Emma, the Queen mother, not only ruled Holland well, but trained and educated her little daughter as the Hollanders wished; in quiet, solid Dutch ways. To this end the mother worked most faithfully, so that Queen Wilhelmina may justly say, with many, many others, "All that I am I owe to my mother."

It is no fun to be a queen girl with a crown waiting for one as soon as one is old enough to wear it. There was not a day in which this girl queen could do as she pleased. No joyous freedom of shouting and racing with other children. When she went riding or driving, instead of laughing and chatting gayly with companions of her own age, she must sit up straight and bow right and left to her loyal subjects, who are ever on the lookout for their loved queen. This small queen had no companions of her own age; no one to play with. How would you like this? She was always watched over by an adult, lest some harm should come to her.

It is true, Wilhelmina had ponies to ride and drive; beautiful yachts; silver skates; pretty sleds; dolls by the hundred. But, oh how she longed for just one loving little playmate. Her chief companions were dolls. It is reported, that one day, when playing with them, she said to a naughty doll—

"Now be good and quiet, because if you don't, I will turn you into a queen, and then you will not have any one to play with at all."

On her fourteenth birthday her mother gave her fifty dolls. Do you not think that a beautiful birthday gift? Oh, but you would not care for them, when you learn that each one of these dolls was not dressed in silk, satin or velvet, but in a stiff uniform to represent

soldiers of different rank, that she might learn the different uniforms of the Dutch Army.

To be a king or queen means hard work, and long, long hours must be spent in study. Hours that you give to play, the child who is heir to a throne must give to dry study.

Besides the lessons that other girls learned, Wilhelmina had to study the dryest kind of lessons, all about the laws that govern her own country and those of other nations.

Wilhelmina's daily life before her coronation was very simple and regular. "She rose at seven the year round, breakfasted at eight, and at nine promptly commenced her lessons. At half past eleven she went to drive in an open carriage, regardless of the weather. A luncheon with her mother at half past twelve, was followed by another short drive, this time with the Queen Regent or with one of her governesses. On her return, lessons occupied her attention once more until four o'clock, after which time she was free to amuse herself at will until half past six, when dinner was served. At ten o'clock each night, the little queen was in bed as regularly as she was out of it."

Thus she grew to womanhood. And on the 6th of September, 1898, amidst great rejoicings, this girl was crowned Queen of the Netherlands. No monarch since the days of William the Silent, has been so strong in pledges of love and loyalty as this young sovereign.

A pretty feature of her coronation was the gathering of 6,000 homing pigeons from all over the country. The instant she was crowned Queen the doves were re-

leased in the public square to carry to all parts of her kingdom her message of peace and good will.

Wilhelmina was asked "What would you do, if the country was seized by a foreign power?" Her answer was "Cut the dykes." What would Holland be then? Would Holland be worth having? Would any other nation have the courage, the perseverance to restore these dykes, the work of centuries of patient toil and the cost of millions of dollars.

Queen Wilhelmina's country has seen its best day. Holland exists to-day simply because the great powers protect her, just as a big brother looks out for a weaker one. Were the strong countries of Europe to unite they could easily wipe out this brave little nation, reared out of mud and swamp, civilized by Rome, christianized by Ireland, tortured by Spain, oppressed by France, subdued by many powers, but her spirit never crushed.

Holland has the good will and admiration of all. After visiting the country and learning of its past history we must agree with a writer who has said that "There is not a braver, more heroic race than its quiet, passive looking inhabitants. Few nations have excelled it in important discoveries and inventions; none has excelled it in commerce, navigation and learning and science, or set as noble examples in the promotion of education and public charities; and none in proportion to its extent has expended more money and labor upon public works."

NATIONAL HYMN OF HOLLAND.

Andante.
1. Let him in whom old Dutch blood flows, Un-
2. We broth - ers, true un - to a man, Will
3. Pre - serve, O God, the dear old ground Thou
taint - ed, free and strong, Whose heart for Prince and
sing the old song yet; A - way with him who
to our fa - thers gave; The land where we a
coun - try glows, Now join us in our song;
ev - er can His Prince or land for - get!
cra - dle found, And where we'll find a grave!
Let him with us lift up his voice, And
A hu - man heart glowed in him ne'er, We
We call, O Lord, to Thee on high, As
ff
sing in pa - triot band, The song at which all
turn from him our hand Who cal - lous hears the
near death's door we stand, Oh, safe - ty, bless - ing,
hearts re - joice, For Prince and Fa - ther -
song and pray'r, For Prince and Fa - ther -
is our cry, For Prince and Fa - ther -
land, For Prince and Fa - ther - land!
land, For Prince and Fa - ther - land!
land, For Prince and Fa - ther - land!

GOD AND FATHERLAND.

NETHERLANDISH FOLKSONG.

f Alla marcia.
1. The man a-glow with pa - triot blood, Who feels no bondman's chain, In
2. O God who hast Thy throne on high, In glorious maj - es - ty, Be
3. Pro-tect, O Lord, our country bright; From ill and trouble save; Help
work and war, in field and flood, Chants not in humble strain, But lifts his
ev - er to Thy children nigh, What time they cry to Thee; And while the
ns to choose our ru-lers right; Long may our ban-ner wave; Till loud as
glad, triumphant voice, In cho-rus full and grand, And sings: "My soul shall
praise of an-gel throngs Thou hear'st on ev - 'ry hand, Give ear an - to our
sing Thine angels' host Up-on the gold-en strand, Our songs shall ring from
Cres.
ff
e'er re - joice In God and Fa-ther-land, In God and Fa - ther-land."
fervent songs For Thee and Fa-ther-land, For Thee and Fa - ther-land.
coast to coast For God and Fa-ther-land, For God and Fa - ther-land.

Flag of Denmark

Flag of Belgium

A Little Journey to Belgium.

Our journey this month will be to the "land of the wooden shoe," the very tiniest country of all Europe. Looking on our map we find it wedged in between France, Germany, and Holland, but with its northern and northwestern coasts washed by the waters of the North Sea. Its greatest breadth east and west is one hundred and sixty miles. Its greatest length is one hundred and fifteen miles. .

But though it has an area of only 11,323 square miles, it has a population of nearly seven millions, which makes it the most densely populated country of Europe.

In some parts of the country the people are like bees in a swarm. One wonders how they all get a living. The houses are scattered so thickly over the country, and the towns are so close together, that it seems like one city with numberless suburbs.

The lowlands of Belgium strongly resemble Holland. Here we have beautiful green fields and gardens separated by canals and ditches. Huge windmills, gaily painted, are as active in draining, pumping, grinding, sawing and pounding as though working for Holland.

Besides agricultural pursuits, many of the people are largely engaged in making the earth yield up her store of coal and iron, for Belgium has a mining region that covers an area of 476 square miles.

Manufacturing is also an important industry. Her table linen, fine and beautifully woven, is known the world over. Her woolen cloths are also of a very superior quality, while in the manufacture of iron and steel, and of exquisite and dainty laces, this little country ranks high.

Belgium is further noted for paper fabrics, straw bonnets, flax yarn, porcelain, and sugar refineries.

Belgium has been called the "workshop of Europe," and when we travel from town to town and note the factories everywhere rearing their smoke stacks to the sky and filling the air with the din of their machinery, we are ready to accept the name. It has good harbors at Antwerp and Ostend that enable it to ship its products and manufactures to other countries.

Huge sea canals also enter the land, and railroads form a net-work across the country, so that every section of this little beehive of a country can get its goods to market. This keeps the commerce of Belgium in a very prosperous condition. Trade is chiefly with France, Holland, Germany, Russia and the United States.

ANTWERP.

Our first glimpse of Belgian life comes to us at Antwerp. Some of the great steamship lines from New York have their European terminus there, and it is one of the most important ports on the continent. The city is situated about sixty miles from the sea on the Schèldt River.

As our boat takes its winding way up the river, we see the airy spire of the Antwerp Cathedral rising afar off

before us. By and by, the city appears, and soon we glide along the spacious piers and docks, and the tall, red-tiled houses, while, a few hundred yards farther, the spire of the cathedral rises to give us a welcome. Across the level stretches of smiling country we see the red roofs of houses and pointed steeples through screens of trees. Here and there is an old windmill on wooden stilts, and a canal with red-sailed, green and black painted barges passing to and fro upon its quiet waters.

QUAYS OF ANTWERP.

There are forests of masts at the docks, steamers from many nations unloading, or anchored in the river.

Its splendid quays are fairly crowded with steamers coming and going.

The name Antwerp means "on the wharf," and the wharf is certainly an important part of the city.

But active as the place is, it gives us no idea of what it was three hundred years ago. Then thousands of vessels floated in its harbor and more than five hundred arrived and departed every day. Merchants came to this city from all parts of Europe, and more than one thousand foreign firms were rivals in the trade of the port.

SIGHTS AND SCENES ABOUT ANTWERP.

Antwerp was a city as early as the eighth century. It rose in power until the sixteenth century, when it was recognized as the center of European trade. It then had a population of over two hundred thousand.

In those early days trade was a very different thing from what it is in this twentieth century. A vessel loaded with goods was of far more value. Then the seas were full of pirates,—sea robbers, who were eagerly watching for a chance to wreck the richest vessels. A vessel could not make a long journey in a few days. Then it took weeks or months, all depending on a fair or foul wind.

Then there were no steam cars, no telegraphs, no cables. Orders must be sent by a trusty messenger either by boat or horse back. The world was not so full of people then as it is now, and a population of two hundred thousand had a greater significance than it has today.

When Napoleon seized Belgium in his iron grip,

Antwerp was almost dead. It was choked to death by the silt that had lodged in its chief harbor, the mouth of the Scheldt River. Navigation was impossible for any but very small boats. Its population had dwindled to forty thousand. Napoleon's eagle eye at once saw the great possibilities for Antwerp. He ordered the river dredged so that large vessels could approach the town. Thus Antwerp was restored to commercial importance, and to-day it ranks as head of all the continental European ports, and has a population of nearly 300,000. Its most important industries are sugar refining, distilling, lace making and ship building.

From the ship's peak and the City Hall we see the national flag flying. Its stripes are of red, yellow and black, placed perpendicularly beside each other. The

CITY HALL AND SQUARE, ANTWERP.

Belgian national symbol is the st g lion of Brabant, with the national motto, "I nakes strength," which one sees on all the coin

Let us walk over to th at square of Antwerp. One side of it is filled h e City Hall. To the right rise quaint and m e old buildings, which have stood for hund of years. They will last for hundreds of to come, probably. They were the old guild h of trades unions, once so powerful here.

In this s quare is a huge bronze image of the prostrate giant from which some Belgians say Antwerp gets its name. This is the way the story runs: "Long ago there was a giant who had his castle by the Scheldt River and laid heavy toll upon all ships and captains passing his castle.

The men who would not pay had their hands cut off and thrown into the river. From the giant's custom of casting hands (hand werpen) into the river, Antwerp got its name.

The young hero Brabo, having attacked the castle and killed the giant, cut off his big hand. Here, in bronze, he stands to-day, victorious, holding in his right hand the giant's hand, and about to fling it into the Scheldt.

Aloft, on a huge rockery, grouped on which are marine monsters, mermaids hold above their weed-robed heads ancient prowed boats, whereon rests a castle with four towers. On top of all is Brabo, the hero of all the small boys of the place."

Antwerp is one of the most picturesque of cities. The streets are crooked, irregular, and lined with magnificent trees, stately old houses, magnificent public

buildings, museums and art galleries. Antwerp is rich in sculpture and paintings, especially those of artists who lived or worked in Belgium and depicted Flemish life. A painting by one of these old Flemish masters has an immense value, particularly if it bears the name Rubens, or Van Dyck, or Memling.

Antwerp has the largest and most beautiful cathedral in all Belgium. It was begun the middle of the fourteenth century and finished about one hun-

ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

dred and fifty years later. It is five[illegible] feet long, two hundred and forty feet wi[illegible]as five aisles. Its chief attraction is its ma[illegible]pire of stone and iron that rises to a heigh[illegible]ndred and two feet. So delicate and exqui[illegible]arving of this spire that Napoleon compar[illegible]echlin lace.

The cathedra[illegible]ime of ninety-nine bells. The largest bell is so [illegible]vy that it takes a number of men to ring it. Every one who visits Antwerp comes to

DESCENT FROM THE CROSS, ANTWERP

this cathedral to see the famous pictures that adorn its walls. The finest of these is the "Descent from the Cross," by Rubens.

This picture represents the lifeless body of Christ falling from the cross into the arms of his attendants. This is thought to be the masterpiece of Rubens, but there are others almost as famous. One of these is "The Elevation of the Cross." It shows our Savior nailed to a tree which the Roman soldiers are raising to plant in the earth. The limbs are streaming with blood, and the body hangs with all its weight on the nails. The face and form are as life-like as that of a living man, and the expression of suffering on the face so real that those who look upon it always turn away with saddened, serious faces.

When Napoleon took the city he carried these pictures to Paris, but after he was overthrown they were returned to Antwerp.

Belgium is the land of Rubens, and Antwerp was his home and the treasure house of his triumphs of art. His house, workshop and garden may still be seen, not far from the cathedral, looking much as he left them two hundred and fifty-three years ago.

One is awakened the first morning of a stay in Antwerp by the sound of many bells and voices under his windows. They will not be quiet and let one have another nap. The traveller usually gives up after an effort, leaves his comfortable feather bed and goes to the window for a breath of fresh morning air, or perhaps to see what all the commotion is about.

The scene upon which he looks is novel, and one which astonishes him beyond measure. The square

and streets are full of peasants, with carts and dogs. The carts are full of milk cans, vegetables, wood, crockery, or other articles for sale.

To numbers of the carts are harnessed huge dogs, one, two, three, four or five, depending upon the load. The owner usually walks beside the cart, though at times he rides. Sometimes he pushes the cart from behind, and so assists the dog over the hard places. Sometimes he helps the dog to pull the load. Occasionally a woman helps the dog to draw the cart, and a lazy-looking man, probably her husband or son, remains comfortably seated inside. Indeed, there seem to be as many or more women with carts than men. And what odd looking women, with brown faces, bare heads, short skirts and wooden shoes!

The first thing in the morning comes, not the milk man, but the milk girl, with her gay, green little cart, to leave the milk supply for the day. Milk is not carried about in tin cans, or in bottles, as in our own country, but instead in shining brass cans, resting carefully on beds of straw.

The little milk girl in her short blue skirt, bright waist, and wooden shoes, makes a very pretty picture. She is bareheaded winter and summer. Her shoes are many times too large for her, and drop first at heel, then at the toe, so that every step is accompanied by a click, clack, click, clack, as she guides her dogs on her daily route.

This little milkmaid and her noble dogs remind us of Ouida's beautiful story, "A Dog of Flanders," which we read as the ship brought us to Belgian shores. How well it has described the lives of the poor peas-

ants, and how much it has helped us to understand them, and the life they lead in this, to us, strange new country!

MILK WAGON AND DOGS.

The dog is used everywhere as a beast of burden. It takes the place of the donkey in Italy. The tasks it performs are light, almost too light for a horse, and there is little grazing land in Belgium.

Only the wealthy people have horses. These are huge animals, and too expensive for the poor peasant to buy and feed.

The dogs are patient, hard working fellows and very useful to their masters, but it is not always easy to

control them. Sometimes they forget their work and dignity and give chase to stray chickens, rabbits or other dogs, regardless of the consequences to the wagons to which they are harnessed.

MORNING MARKET.

When they meet in the market place, where they have drawn their milk and vegetable carts, they make the air ring with their howling and barking.

Sometimes, when the roving pedlar enters a house to sell his wares, the dogs that draw his cart get into a fight with the dogs belonging to the home or neighborhood. The owner is then obliged to leave very quickly, without making a bargain, and restore peace and order.

The laws of the country forbid cruelty to these dumb animals. Dogs below a certain size or age can not be used as beasts of burden.

A walk to the docks brings us near to the fish market.

"Out of this market pours a motley crowd,—men in blue jerseys, men in red jerkins,men in shirt sleeves, little lads in sailor clothes with bright yellow sabots, women with blue stockings and yellow sabots, or yellow stockings and black sabots, or black shoes and pink stockings, women in three-cornered shawls, women in long black cloaks."

The people remind us of the Dutch, and speak a language that is much like that of the Hollander.

THE COUNTRY.

Belgium to the west and northwest is as flat and dull as Holland. It cannot boast of beautiful scenery. There are no mountains or hills or valleys. The land is so low that the water, even in summer, is only a few feet below the surface. In winter it covers large tracts of the land.

Dikes and sand dunes protect the country from sea and rivers. Canals cross the lowlands in every direc-

tion. They drain the land and serve the purpose of fences and roadways. There are no swift, rushing streams or noisy brooks, and since there are no streams to turn the mills, the wind is used instead.

The long arms of the Dutch windmill mingle with the poplars wherever one looks. The upper part of the mill is a square wooden structure which can be turned around so as to catch the wind; the lower part is circular and stationary, and is made of brick. When working, the arms are covered with canvas.

When a good breeze is blowing and the mill is under full sail, the great arms go about at a terrific rate. Many of the larger mills have a boiler attached, so that, when the wind fails, steam is used to turn the mill. The grain is ground in these mills.

The public roads are excellent. They are usually made of granite blocks, such as we use to pave the streets of cities in the States. On each side of the road is a deep,wide ditch filled with water. The roads are better for walking than driving. So the traveller in a hurry is apt to be well jolted.

Along the country roads we see many amusing scenes. Sometime we meet a little cart drawn by two dogs, galloping to town. In the cart are seated a couple, taking their ease. Sometimes there are three dogs yoked abreast to a single vehicle.

One occasionally sees a horse and dog yoked together, pulling a load of grain; or a dog and man in a wayside field, hauling a harrow. At times a woman assists the dog with his load.

The Belgians are fine farmers and more than half the people are engaged in agriculture. The chief prod-

ucts besides live stock are grain, flax, hemp, fruit, and sugar beets. Rich crops of corn, wheat, rye and oats are raised. The Flemish flax is said to be the best in the world.

So fertile is this low section that it is often called the Garden of Europe. Indeed, the farms seem much more like big gardens than the farms to which we are accustomed. They do not usually contain more than two or three acres, and often not more than one.

Every foot of soil is tilled with the utmost care. With the first whisper of spring, the tiny farms are carefully planted with the early spring vegetables. In a very short time, these are ready for market; then the ground is quickly filled with seeds for the summer vegetables, and these, in turn, give place to autumn crops. Thus, frequently, a small plot of ground is made to produce crop after crop, in the same season, in a way that would amaze our farmers.

If there is a tiny strip to spare for a grass plot, the farmer turns his cows to graze upon it. To keep the cows from straying to any other part of the little farm the farmer sends one of his children to watch and guide them. A rope is attached to the beast's horns and the child holds the rope. Sometimes two or three cows are fastened to the same rope.

The shepherd must also remain with his sheep constantly, to keep them from straying, or falling into the water.

The Belgian farmer, as in the olden days, still continues to use old-fashioned tools and hand labor. This is partly because farms are so small that there is no room for the great modern farm implements.

Here, as in Holland, it is a common sight to see girls and women working in the fields from sunrise to sunset, ploughing, digging, planting, sowing and reaping, in short, doing all kinds of the hardest farm work.

FLEMISH DRAUGHT HORSES.

Children often carry the farm produce to market, or to their customers, in the gayest of little green carts, drawn by beautiful, intelligent dogs.

A drive through the country shows us neat, white-washed dwellings, trim fields, and orchards in blossom. The road is bordered with trees. The stone cottages of the farmers are surrounded with large apple orchards hedged in by box, holly or hawthorn.

The gardens are gay with flowers that will later be taken to Ghent. The houses are of stone, one story high,

and roofed with red tile or thatch. They usually contain four rooms, one for dining, one for the dairy and preparing food for the cattle, and the others for sleeping rooms.

The walls of the houses are white-washed; the furniture is of oak, and it fairly shines with the rubbings and scrubbings it has received. The kitchen utensils of brass and tin are as clean as hands can make them.

At the early hour of four in the morning, both men and women are at work in the fields. Their working hours are so long that they have to eat five times a day. Their food is of the simplest, coarsest kind—coffee and black rye bread for breakfast; soup, vegetables, cheese and milk or buttermilk is the fare for other meals. Little meat is used among the poor.

If the services of the farmer's wife and children are not required in the fields, they assist in other ways. The wife and grown daughter do lace work, or spin flax. The smaller children watch the cows, sheep, goats or fowls, or bring up hares for the market.

The Belgian hare industry is an important one and has been introduced into our own country. The Belgian hares or rabbits have been imported to the States in large numbers. From Ostend alone there come to us one million two hundred thousand hares every year. The skins of these animals are used for making hats.

The farm laborer does not lead an easy or pleasant life. He works harder than most men. Often he has no plough and tills the ground with a spade.

In the evening, after his day's work is done, he hobbles home in his clumsy wooden shoes that "clatter clatter" loudly on the hard country roads. These

wooden shoes are worn as much in Belgium as in Holland and rural France. Indeed, we are every day reminded that Belgium is really the "land of the wooden shoe."

WOMAN'S HEADDRESS.

GHENT.

About thirty-one miles from Antwerp lies another old Flemish town, Ghent, the capital of Flanders. Like Antwerp it has a rich historical past.

Its dark and narrow streets, its lofty houses, fine Gothic buildings, vast Cathedrals, and town halls speak eloquently of a rich past; while the life on the canals, its excellent harbors, fine shipping facilities and

the hum of factories tell of the brave effort being made to hold a place in the present century.

Many canals and branches of rivers form a network about the city, which is divided into twenty-six islands connected by nearly three hundred bridges. Although, at the present day, it manufactures considerable lace and linen goods, and one linen factory alone employs three thousand persons, yet this is as nothing when compared to the days when Ghent was the capital of old Flanders, the rival of Bruges, the richest city of all Europe.

FLOWER MARKET.

We wander about the pleasant, quiet streets, visit the fine esplanade, where a flower market is held on Sunday morning, the beautiful Botanical Garden, one of the finest in Europe, well kept gardens, and the substantial quays lined with elegant buildings that make this city so attractive.

Yet the greatest charm of the place centers about the old buildings, whose very stones breathe of the past, of heroes and knights. Chief of all is the old belfry, 375 ft. high, from the top of which gleams the "Golden Dragon."

Tradition has it that this Golden Dragon was taken from the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the spire of the Belfry of Bruges. Do you know the meaning of the word Crusades? Did you ever read of the Crusaders of old, or that wonderful story of the Children's Crusade, of which Longfellow and others have written?

During a conflict between the rival cities, Ghent was victorious and took from the belfry of Bruges, as a trophy, this Golden Dragon, carrying it to Ghent. There it was placed on their belfry, where it is still doing duty.

The belfry of Ghent has a chime of forty-four bells. One of these bells has been given the name "Roland." The people of Belgium speak of it as though it were a person. Indeed, they regard it as a hero, for it has tolled and pealed for all the sad and joyous events that have made the history of this famous old town.

Upon the bell itself is engraved this inscription, "My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land."

When Charles V. of Spain conquered this land after many a hard struggle, made more difficult by the warnings given by Roland, he so hated this bell that he ordered the tongue cut out.

Longfellow, in the "Belfry of Bruges," speaks thus:

"Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dyke of sand,
I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land."

Throughout Flanders the great town halls with lofty towers and spires stand for the wealth and power that once controlled the Flemish towns.

At first the governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France, were called Foresters; afterward the title was changed to that of Count. These Counts, who wasted money in wars, in extravagant living, in building castles, were very glad to grant privileges in exchange for gold to their subjects, who were piling up money by manufacture and commerce. As the nobles grew poorer and poorer, the common people prospered. They worked hard in their fields growing flax and in their factories making cloth, so that their products commanded the highest prices at home and abroad. They accumulated riches and power and independence.

This they showed by building fine public halls, which were truly splendid, and hanging great bells in the lofty towers to summon the people for meeting and council. Thus once they stood for municipal and commercial power. Today they are but show places.

Another object of great interest is the old Cathedral of St. Bavon. The exterior is not at all attractive, but so beautiful is the interior, that it is worth considerable trouble to examine it. St. Bavon is the

largest Cathedral of Ghent, and is beautifully finished in black and white marble. It is very rich in paintings. Tourists travel many miles to visit this church with its priceless treasures. One of the masterpieces is "The Adoration of the Lamb," painted by two brothers, Jan and Hubert Van Eyck.

MORNING IN THE VEGETABLE MARKET.

Another very interesting place to visit in this quaint old town is "The Grand Beguinage or Nunnery of the Beguines." This forms a little town by itself. Here are eighteen convents, a church, and about seven hundred nuns, who are robed in black; but during services in the church they wear white veils, which are removed as they leave the church.

The majority of the Belgians are Roman Catholics. There are over 1500 convents with nearly 25,000 inmates, in this little country.

BRUGES.

Let us leave delightful Ghent, and make our way to Bruges, now an inland city, eight miles from the ocean, but connected with it by several canals.

Bruges gets its name, meaning bridges, from the numerous bridges, about fifty-four, which cross the canals.

As we approach this city and notice canals cutting the meadows, canals crossing and re-crossing the streets, gay, red and yellow windmills ready for action, moss grown canal boats and dog carts, and odd costumes all about us, we are reminded of Holland.

Let us wander about this quiet, quaint, sleepy old town that has a population of less than fifty thousand. We find fine old streets with great empty warehouses; cathedrals and picture galleries richly adorned with fine art treasures; town halls with towers and spires and bells; roomy old dwelling houses with dormer windows set in the high steep roofs, and with ornamental and dated gables all of which tell us of old time-grandeur. And as we notice the grass growing undisturbed be-

tween the paving stones, we marvel that this grass-grown city was once one of the chief commercial cities of the world, with a population of over two hundred thousand.

For more than three hundred years, Bruges was the center market for all Europe north of the Alps. It was then a seaport. Its harbor was filled with vessels from many ports. Merchants brought silks from Florence; wines from Spain and Italy; fruits from the Mediterranean; rich furs from the Baltic; costly treasures of pearls and silk from India; and beautiful fabrics from Arabia. These they were eager to exchange for the fine linen and choice woolen goods, the work of the best spinners and weavers in the world.

The citizens of Bruges were rich, proud and independent, and not only were they richly dressed, but their wives were clothed like princesses, in the finest of velvet and cloth, richly embroidered with gold and trimmings of fur.

In 1351, the burgomasters of Bruges and Ghent were summoned to Paris to pay homage to King John. They were received with great pomp and honor and invited to a feast. When about to take their seats at the table, they noticed that no cushions had been provided for them, the Burgomasters of the greatest cities, not only of Flanders, but of the world. Such an indignity must not pass by unrebuked. They folded their beautiful and richly embroidered cloaks and used them as cushions to sit upon. After the festival was over, they left the table, leaving their cloaks folded on the seats. And when told that they had forgotten their cloaks, the Burgomaster of Bruges answered, in his grandest manner, "We Flemings

are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions."

But the pride and the vainglory of those olden days have departed, and nothing is left to tell the tale but ancient structures and works of art. It is said that to-day about one-third of the inhabitants are paupers. From the number of children begging in the streets, one judges that this is true. Many of these children have been trained to beg by parents who are too lazy to work.

There is an interesting old cathedral in Bruges called St. Sauveur, adorned with many fine paintings. Near this cathedral is the church of Notre Dame, with a spire 390 feet high. Here is a small statue of the Virgin and child that attracts much attention, as it is said to be the work of Michael Angelo. There is also a magnificent monument of Charles the Bold and his daughter Mary, wife of the Emperor Maximilian.

On market day the square is filled with country people, with carts, donkeys and dogs. The carts are long and slender, and are drawn by one horse hitched far ahead. The women wear long, black cloaks with hoods, and every one wears wooden shoes.

About the old market place stands the famous old "Belfry of Bruges." This belfry was built in the fourteenth century. It is 350 feet high and has a set of forty-eight bells, which weigh from two up to eleven thousand pounds.

In the olden days the chief mission of these bells was to sound an alarm in times of danger. To-day their work is to give out inspiring music.

These chimes are among the best in Europe. Their tones vary from the lightest, daintiest, sweetest bird-

like notes to the heaviest, deepest thundering bass. Every fifteen minutes the chimes ring out—now a sad, solemn hymn, and next perhaps joyous music which makes our feet fairly itch to keep step with it.

TOWER WOMAN.

We can see these bells and get a view from the top of the belfry, by giving the door-keeper a franc. So we pay our fee and soon stand at the top of the old belfry.

Belgium is a land of bells, and fine bells, too. The

Belgians are said to be as fond of their chimes as the Dutch are of still water. One hears bells constantly, everywhere in the country. They are in the steeples of town halls as well as in churches, and in some places ring every seven and a half minutes. The bells of Bruges ring every quarter hour for a minute, and at the end of the hour, try a tune.

Machinery grinds out the tune, which is changed once a year. On Sundays in cities a musician chosen by the town plays the chimes. Keys are used for this purpose, and the work is very difficult. It is of the Belfry of Bruges that Longfellow wrote—

In the market-place of Bruges,
Stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded,
Still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking,
On that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness
Like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded
And with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver,
Round and vast the landscape lay.

* * * *

Not a sound rose from the city,
At that early morning hour
But I heard a heart of iron
Beating in the ancient tower.

* * * *

Then most musical and solemn,
Bringing back the olden times,

With their strange unearthly changes
Rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister,
When the nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them
Like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed,
Shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who live in history only,
Seemed to walk the earth again.

* * * * *

I beheld the pageants splendid,
That adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended,
Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.

Lombard and Venetian merchants
With deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations;
More than royal pomp and ease.

* * * *

I beheld the Flemish weavers,
With Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody
Battle of the Spurs of Gold.

Saw the fight at Minnewater,
Saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde, victorious,
Scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard
All the land with terror smote;
And again the wild alarum
Sounded from the tocsin's throat:

Till the bell of Ghent responded
O'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland!
There is victory in the land!"

Then the sounds of drums aroused me,
The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned
Back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes,
And before I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry
Crossed the sun-illumined square.

OSTEND.

FISH SELLERS.

From Bruges let us travel to Ostend, the most fashionable watering-place in Belgium. Here every summer many Russians, Germans, French, and even the

English bring their families to spend the warm months of July and August, to enjoy the beach, bathing and oysters.

Throughout Europe these oysters are known. Though much smaller than ours, they are said to have a most delicious flavor. They were originally brought from England and planted in the waters about Belgium. It is not the oysters, however, that delight the children, but the lovely sand. What a good time they have building forts and castles and dykes that the sea washes away with the incoming tide!

Then the joy of paddling with feet bare, and trousers and skirts tucked up; they wish life one long summer holiday, and the earth all sand and water.

Ostend is so low that it is protected by a sea wall, an immense structure of brick and stone, three miles long and over one hundred feet in width. This forms a delightful promenade for the many tourists who stop here before crossing to England.

Ostend has a good harbor and a line of steamers connects it with Dover and London. This is but a short journey of sixty-eight miles, and takes about four hours.

Once upon a time there was no water separating England from Belgium. One could have walked from one country to the other. But in the course of time the low plains of Europe sank, and the waters of the Atlantic rushed in and covered them, thus forming a barrier between England and the rest of Europe.

So shallow is this water, that in many places it would be necessary to raise the bed of the sea hardly one hundred feet to make it dry land. Because

the water is so shallow and the current so fierce, the English Channel and the Straits of Dover are noted for their roughness. Old travelers, who think nothing of crossing the Atlantic, dread this short voyage, for it is sure to be accompanied by that very unpleasant, and yet rarely dangerous malady — seasickness.

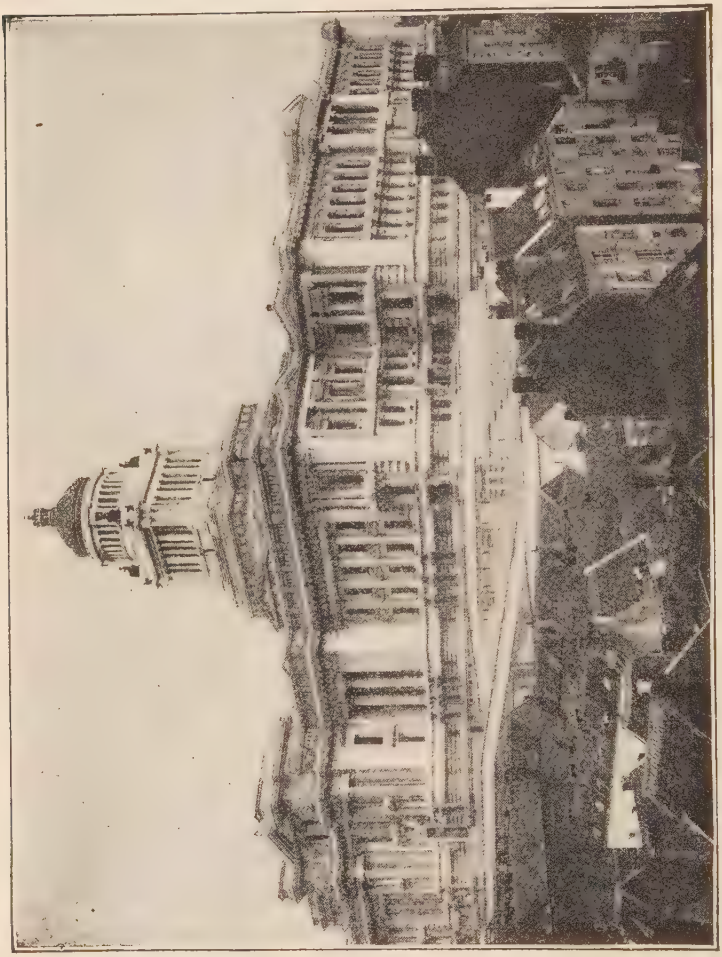
The southern angle of Belgium is hilly and rich in forests and minerals. Many thousands of men are engaged here in mining. Coal and coke are among the leading exports. Belgium yields more fuel than any other country of Europe except England.

About one-fifth of the country is covered with forests, that lie in the valley of the Meuse and the Ardennes. The trees are mostly oak and hard wood trees. They furnish charcoal and large quantities of bark for tanning purposes.

BRUSSELS.

Brussels is not only the capital, but also the largest, most progressive, wide awake town of Belgium, with a population of 561,130. The city of Brussels stands partly on a hill, about 220 feet above sea level, and partly on a plain. It is divided into a lower town, which is the old, historic section, and into an upper or fashionable section.

Once upon a time Brussels was protected by walls, which surrounded the city. But walled towns are out of style now, for in case of war the walls would be of no protection; so they have been changed into fine promenades lined with rows of beautiful shade trees. In the old or lower town, we find the narrow, crooked streets, with old houses and buildings, many of them bearing a date of the fourteenth century.



PALACE OF JUSTICE, BRUSSELS.

As one approaches Brussels the eye is attracted to the great golden dome of the Palais de Justice. This is a new building, and the largest in the world. It covers 270,000 square feet and is surmounted by a marble tower 400 feet high. The golden dome caps the tower. This building cost ten millions of dollars.

As the Palais de Justice stands on a hill, it is a conspicuous object for miles around, especially the dome.

The finest shops and buildings are to be found on Boulevard Auspach, that runs through the center of the city. This beautiful street, with its attractive shops and outdoor cafes, reminds us of Paris, and the fact that Brussels is often called "Little Paris."

BOULEVARD AUSPACH, BRUSSELS.

For two or three hours every morning between ten and one o'clock the boulevards are thronged with fashionable men, and women with their dogs, and children with nurses.

Brussels shops are noted for elegance and attract shoppers from larger cities in other parts of Europe. Nowhere can one find more dainty and exquisite laces, fans, gloves, jewels, and clothing. The shop keepers are extremely polite and anxious to please customers.

Perhaps the most interesting building in Brussels is the Hotel de Ville or City Hall. It is one of the most beautiful of the kind in Belgium. On the top of its tall pyramidal tower is a statue of St. Michael.

The famous ball which occurred on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, was held in this hall. Lord Byron has told us of it in his poem "The Eve of Waterloo."

In front of the hall is a square known as the Grand Place. It is one of the finest old squares in existence, and occupies an important place in Belgian history. It has been the scene of many a revolution and of much bloodshed. In 1568 twenty-five nobles were beheaded here by the order of the Duke of Alva.

But the square is a quiet and peaceful place now, and on market days it is an interesting place to visit.

In this place, once a week, between six and nine in the morning, the flower market is held. The air is then scented with the odors of lovely lilies and other flowers.

The country people cultivate flowers for a livelihood and on the market days flock here in crowds to dispose of their produce.

One of the most magnificent buildings in Brussels

is its Bourse,or Stock Exchange, which cost two million dollars. Its elegant sculptures, statues and columns remind us of the Paris Opera House.

THE BOURSE, BRUSSELS.

The finest Cathedral is St. Gudule, built in 1270. It is famous for its many statues and painted windows and its magnificent pulpit. Like most of the pulpits of Belgium and Holland, it is of carved wood, but this one is of exceeding beauty. The center group represents Adam and Eve as they are driven out of the garden of Eden; just above is Mary, the mother of Christ, crushing the serpent (always symbolical of evil) by means of the cross.

Another object of interest is the Martyrs' Monu-

ment, erected in 1838 to the memory of those who fought so valiantly in 1830 to free Belgium from Holland.

This union, formed in 1814, was not liked by Belgium, but it was not until 1831 that the separation was effected. The Martyrs' Monument commemorates the battle that brought about the separation of these two little countries.

Another recent historical monument is the Column

PALACE OF THE KING.

of Congress, erected in memory of the establishment of the present constitution, with Leopold I. as King of Belgium. This tall, stately Column is 147 feet high,

and is finished at the top by the statue of the king. Leopold I. died in 1865 and his remains were placed in the royal burial vault of St. Mary at Dacken.

Leopold II. succeeded his father. Under his reign the country has enjoyed peace and prosperity.

Near the park of Brussels stands the Royal Palace, the residence of the royal family of Belgium. It is not a beautiful building, but is furnished with elegance.

Belgium is a kingdom. It is ruled by a king and two chambers, the senate and the chamber of representatives, both elected by the citizens.

Leopold II. is much respected and beloved by the majority of his subjects. He is an intelligent, liberal, progressive sovereign. It would be hard to find in Europe a better governed nation than Belgium.

The Mannekin Fountain is always an object of interest to travelers, and is a favorite with the Brussels people also. This is a statue which is dressed up in a fine costume on festival days. It is said to have eight different suits, one for each special festival. It has a servant appointed by the city officials, at a salary, and this servant attends to his statue master, when he finds a change of costume necessary.

The country is noted for its lace trade. The lace made at Brussels, Mechlin and Bruges is famous. Before we leave the place we must visit the lace makers that make what is known as the Brussels lace.

This is considered by many as the most beautiful lace made by hands. Some patterns are so delicate and intricate that it takes many years to complete a single piece. When finished, it is valued as high as five hundred dollars a yard.

The lace workers of Europe work early and late and receive very small pay for their difficult labor. In order to protect the work from dust, these lace workers sit in very damp rooms. They strain their eyes so greatly from watching the fine threads as they weave them in and out, that they become blind when quite young. Yet many yards are bought and sold each year.

This fine hand lace is made on pillows. Every one must have her own pillow, for two people can not work on the same piece of lace. The pattern is marked out on the pillow with pins, and the worker winds the threads over and under, in and out and around among the pins, with infinite care and patience.

Many kinds of threads are sometimes needed for one piece of lace. Sometimes this thread is almost as fine as cob web, and it takes weeks or months, or even years, to make a single piece of lace, or one lace garment.

Many of the exquisite lace gowns worn by the very rich are made in poverty stricken homes, where the workers sit in rooms as damp as cellars to do their work.

While Brussels is a bright, cheerful, attractive place, it has its poor quarter as well as other cities. In these places we find people wretchedly housed and clothed. The children wander about dirty and ragged, and receive little attention from their parents. The mother has no time to spare for the little ones. She must toil all day at lace making to get money for bread. The father works at articles made of pasteboard, but his wages are too small to enable the family to live.

As soon as the children are old enough they too must begin to work.

In the homes of the well-to-do there is usually a pleasant living apartment back of the reception and dining rooms. This is partly enclosed by glass, and banked with palms and growing plants. It has a tile floor, rugs, piano, lounges, easy chairs and tables. The houses are, many of them, rich in rare old china, fine paintings, carved furniture, hand-wrought iron and brasses.

THE BELGIANS.

On arriving in Belgium we hear the people speaking a strange tongue resembling Dutch, but called Flemish, and we conclude that this must be the native tongue. Yet we find later that only about half the population speak this language.

French is the language of the country, in court and official circles, and is used by the majority of the people.

In the southern part of the country the people are more like the French and use their language almost entirely.

In northern Belgium the people are more like the Dutch and Germans, and speak Flemish. The true meaning of the word Flemish is "dialect of Flanders."

Many centuries ago Flanders was an important territory, that included the provinces of East and West Flanders in Belgium, a small part of Holland, and a portion of France.

For many years Flanders was most rich and prosper-

THE PLACE ROYALE.

ous, and exerted considerable influence on commerce, literature and art.

The people in some parts of Belgium dress like the Hollanders. The girls wear gaily embroidered bodices, blue or red skirts, buckled shoes, ear rings, necklaces, or quaint headdresses. This headdress consists of a helmet of gold, silver or other metal, a lace cap and a bonnet.

The men and boys wear small caps, bright jackets, wide baggy trousers, black stockings, wooden shoes or shoes with buckles. The people in Brussels dress, look and act much like the people of Paris.

The Belgian people are very polite, social, hospitable and ceremonious. At breakfast and on saying good night one must shake hands all around. Bowing is a serious and important ceremony, and there is a great deal of it.

The people never seem to be in a hurry. They always have time to stop and chat or to entertain friends.

The Belgians love music. No company is complete without it. Each member of a family is usually taught to use some musical instrument. They have many musical clubs and contests, and the cities and towns are supplied with bands that furnish music in the parks on holidays.

Art is much thought of, and Belgium is a country where many artists have originated. The "Winter Salon" in the King's Park is an annual event, and a most interesting one, to the visitor to Brussels, as well as to the citizen.

It originated in this way. A Burgomaster of Brus-

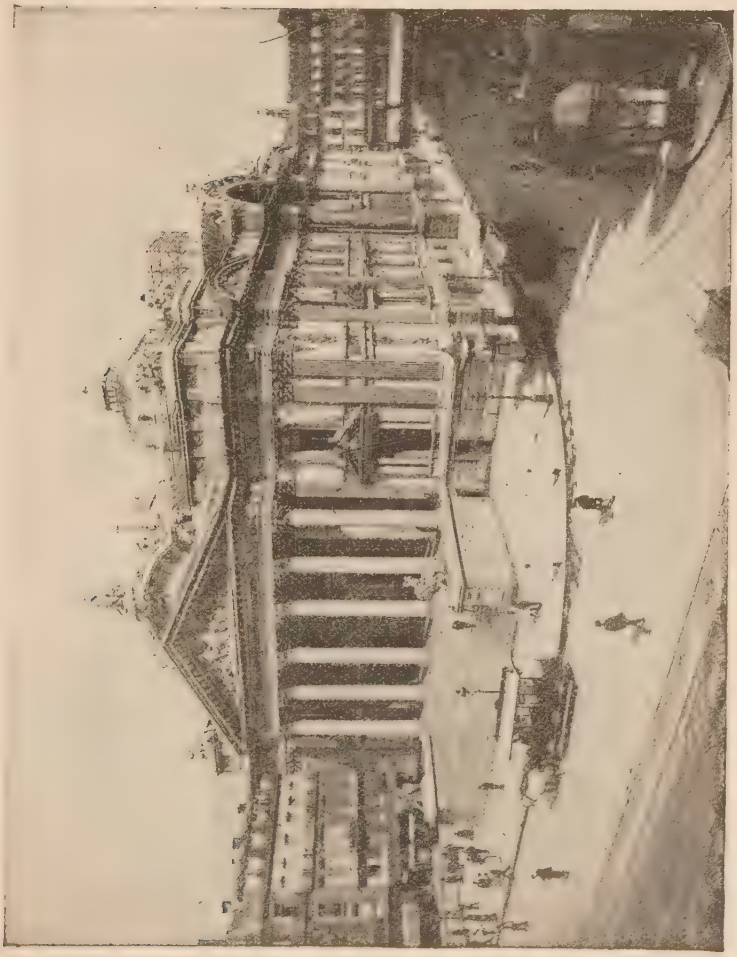
sels wanted money for the poor. So, when a heavy snow storm came, it brought a happy thought to him. He summoned all the sculptors of the city and their pupils and laid before them his plans. The park was turned over to them to decorate, and in a day or two was opened for the charity show.

Crowds of people came out of curiosity, and this is what they found—snow tramps sleeping on benches, snow priests lounging about with books, snow policeman talking to snow nursery maids on benches, while neglected snow babies cried. There were snow Punch and Judy shows, snow musicians, and snow animals. Statues of well known citizens were also to be seen, and even the King's effigy was there.

Money poured in as the result of the entertainment, and every year since the artists of the city have given their time and talent to make a similar entertainment successful.

The public schools of Belgium are free, and are attended by children when quite young. They receive very careful instruction in the religion, history and geography of their own country. In the rest of the world they take but little interest. Very likely they think of the United States as a place famous for Indians and buffaloes. But touch on their own country, and they will readily tell you how Belgium has suffered from being an arena for the fights and quarrels of the rest of Europe.

They hate the name of Philip II. of Spain, who brought so much trouble and rebellion to their country. They can tell you why monuments have been erected to Egmont and Horn, the heroes who were so cruelly executed by the Duke of Alva. They know all about



THE NEW EXCHANGE.

the Austrian Rule. And they will refer you to Antwerp, the largest sea-port of Belgium, for at least one good work of Europe's enemy, Napoleon. It is the harbor.

Especial attention is paid to drawing. The children are allowed to draw pictures for an hour every day, and if any pupil shows talent in this direction, he is sure to receive help and encouragement.

The girls in school wear black aprons to keep their dresses clean, and make them look like other pupils. This practice is intended to keep the pupils from contrasting the clothes of the poor with those of the more richly dressed.

Thursday afternoon is a half holiday, as in France, and this is the happiest day in the week for the school children. Often the teacher accompanies her pupils to the park and joins in the games, or sees that no harm comes to the small pupils.

The children are taught from their very babyhood to be polite, obliging, and useful to those about them.

AMUSEMENTS AND HOLIDAYS.

Six days of the week the Belgian people work, and work hard, but the seventh they devote to their church and to amusements. Sunday morning is kept as with us. All attend church. But the afternoon is devoted to pleasure. It becomes a joyous holiday. In the summer, picnics and excursions are numerous. Whole families, not the children alone, as is so often the case here in America, but also father and mother, go together for a day's pleasure in the woods or on the river.

The favorite holiday in Belgium as in Holland is "Ker-

mess." This is a great fair, that is held in summer at different places all over the country. Tents are erected for all sorts of shows and exhibitions; giants and dwarfs, skeletons and fat people, and many other curious freaks of nature may be seen for a few cents. A gypsy, telling fortunes, always draws a crowd about her tent. The shooting galleries and the circus draw both big and little boys, while the girls seek the swings and the merry-go-rounds. There are tents where all sorts of things are for sale; good things to eat and drink; but chief of all the dainties is ginger-bread.

Ginger-bread is regarded by the children of Belgium and Holland just as the American child regards pop-corn, as a sweet to be devoured on all festive occasions. Nowhere else will you see such quantities of ginger-bread; as one traveller says, "it is for sale by the foot, yard, rod, pole or perch." It is shaped like every animal that ever came out of a Noah's ark. Ginger-bread baked in every known and unknown form is devoured by the ton and by both native and tourist.

The first of May is always celebrated with a festival, when the people flock out into the country to gather flowers and secure green boughs.

Easter is celebrated by egg-giving, as in our own country.

On the Sunday before Whitsuntide the children get up very early in the morning. The one who is dressed first goes to the different bedrooms, knocks and calls out "Lazy Loon, sleepy head, lie abed; don't get up 'ill noon." The last member of the family to rise is required to give to the others a hot bun, which must be ready for this particular morning.

St. Valentine's day is remembered too, and on that day the postman's bag bulges with missives, pretty or

CHILDREN IN THE PARK.

comic. On April first the shop windows are full of fishes of many forms, colors and materials. Some are of papier-mache, others of chocolate, sugar, ginger-bread, ice, silver or porcelain. Every one sends fish to friends.

At New Year's friends send New Year's cards to each other, or exchange visits and gifts; addresses or petitions are presented to the King, and decorations are dispensed by the government.

Not many weeks after New Year's comes the carnival, a season of mummeries, parties, street processions and fun. This festival lasts several days. The common people disguise themselves in masks and fantastic costumes; flowers and candy are thrown from balconies to streets and back again. Gay songs are sung and ridiculously dressed figures cut antics as they play.

On Ash Wednesday all this gaiety is stopped. The people attend church in black or dark garments and leave the building with a heavy black cross stamped on their foreheads. This is worn twenty-four hours.

Santa Claus or St. Nicholas is the patron saint of the children. He arrives on a white pony December sixth. Children provide turnips, carrots and hay for the good steed. If they have been good the hay and vegetables disappear from the basket and gifts and toys are left. Sometimes Saint Nicholas sends his presents in disguises or hidden in pumpkins, cabbages or vegetables of some kind. Sometimes a rod is sent in place of presents.

All day during the 6th of December, children with dolls and drums parade the boulevards. To the poor alms are given, and to the servants, curious gingerbread

figures. For days before Christmas, the streets are crowded. The sidewalks are so narrow that they cannot accommodate the people. They overflow into the streets.

At Christmas every house has its tree, or at least a branch of evergreen. The tree is lighted on Christmas eve, Christmas candles are burned and hymns are sung to the Christ Child.

On Christmas eve the bells clang everywhere, and long processions, headed by little children, go to mass. Children strew the streets with flowers and cut fragments of colored paper until the rough paving stones are covered with red, blue, green and white scraps.

The children in the processions are of all ages, from the tiny child just able to sing, to young ladies. Some of the companies of girls are clad in blue, others in pink, lilac or white, but all bear some emblem or badge, or assist in bearing some shrine or crucifix or group of images, by grasping the ends of one of the hundreds of bright ribbons that are attached to the central figures.

As they march, bands of music beat and blow their best. When the band ceases, the priests chant in deep voices, and they in turn are followed by the singing of children, arranged by schools.

There are chariots, too, bearing gigantic crucifixes and images, chariots resplendent with a lavish display of cloths of gold and silver.

But the prettiest sight of all is a beautiful little boy clad in a camel's hair garment, carrying a tiny cross, and leading a white lamb by a blue ribbon. He is the representative of John the Baptist.

A BOULEVARD, BRUSSELS.

The peasants bare their heads reverently as this procession sweeps by, and watch and wait patiently in the cold, keen air, for the last of the procession. And by and by it comes, in the form of a dignitary of the church.

He is as splendid as jewels and gold embroidery and rare old lace can make him. He walks beneath a gorgeous baldaquin of gold and purple, and is surrounded by chanting priests and preceded by scarlet-capped and white-robed acolytes. They are swinging weighty censers under a canopy of state that is borne over his head by four strong men.

It is a magnificent procession, and one never to be forgotten by a visitor to Belgium.

WATERLOO.

Belgium's central position has made it the "Battlefield of Europe." It has been the object of many wars, belonging to Austria, Spain, France and Holland. Within its borders the nations of Europe have fought out their quarrels for hundreds of years.

Just below Brussels lies Waterloo, a beautiful plain, where one of the decisive battles of the world was fought in 1815.

"In that world's earthquake, Waterloo," the allied forces of Great Britain, Prussia and the Netherlands, under command of Wellington and Blucher, united to overthrow Napoleon and France.

For twenty years this monarch had kept all Europe in a turmoil of feverish anxiety by his plans and schemes to get control of all Europe, and thus found the greatest of all earthly empires, an empire that should far surpass anything that the world had ever known. So great

was his ambition that lives were nothing to him. His wonderful force of character, that had raised him from a poor Corsican boy to be head of the great French nation, his military skill, and the compelling way that he had of making men serve him, made all Europe fear his power, and tremble. But here on the plains of Waterloo Napoleon lost all, and the French army was defeated and humiliated.

After this battle, France was made to pay about one hundred and forty millions of dollars for the expenses of the war. And all the beautiful works of art and literature that Napoleon had seized were restored to their rightful countries and owners. It had been Napoleon's custom, when he conquered a place, to seize the works of art and send them to Paris.

Less than an hour's ride by train takes us to the battlefield, that is now covered with green or cultivated by the thrifty Belgian farmers. There is little to remind one that a terrific struggle took place here, except a hill thrown up in the center of the field as a monument.

On the top of this hill is a great lion, the emblem of Belgium. It was molded from the cannon left upon the field of Waterloo, and marks the spot where the Prince of Orange fell. Another monument marks the spot where the Prussian forces fell, and another the memory of the brave German soldiers who perished in this fight.

The battle of Waterloo was dearly won. The French loss was 18,590 killed and wounded, and that of the opposing armies 16,000. But the victory put an end forever to the power of Napoleon, and restored peace to the world.

MARSENET OR ALTENBERG.

On the boundary line between Prussia and the Netherlands lies the smallest country in Europe. It is Marsenet or Altenberg, a territory governed by the Belgians and Prussians together.

The district contains but two and a half square miles. The territory was declared independent in 1815 to settle the dispute when the boundary line was fixed between Germany and Belgium. Both countries wanted the country for its rich zinc mines. It now pays a tax to each of them.

The village is situated in a beautiful valley, which boasts a lake and the ruins of an old castle. The people are well to do, and engage principally in zinc mining and hat making.

A Little Journey to Denmark

AND HER COLONIAL POSSESSIONS.

Denmark now occupies a very small and insignificant part of the map of Europe, but the time was when it ranked among the most important and powerful nations of the north.

The Danes have always loved the sea, and are among the finest and most daring seamen of the world. Great numbers of them serve as sailors on British and other foreign vessels. Their love of adventure has led them to explore many foreign lands, and to plant the Danish flag in some of them.

Denmark's dominion at one time extended over Norway, Sweden, England, and a part of Germany. But she has suffered from many wars and defeats, and these countries have been taken away from her. Her soldiers were not lacking in bravery, but the armies of so small a nation could not compete with the greater ones of Europe.

Of her colonial possessions only Greenland, the Faroe Islands, the West India Islands, Santa Cruz, St. John, St. Thomas, and Iceland remain. Iceland is a dependency.

Denmark proper now consists of the northern part of the peninsula of Jutland and a number of outlying islands. The principal ones lie to the east between Jutland and Sweden, and almost fill the entrance to the Baltic Sea.

The peninsula contains the greatest area of territory, but the islands are the most important part of the Kingdom. The country is almost as flat as Holland. There are no mountains. Only the islands of Denmark and the southeastern part of the peninsula are fertile and productive.

The western coast is low and shut in by sand bars. There are no good harbors. Denmark has but one important seaport with a harbor that admits large ships. That one is Copenhagen on Zealand Island.

To reach this port ships sail about the peninsula into the sound which separates the island of Zealand from Sweden, or go by way of the German canal, through the southern part of the peninsula.

JUTLAND.

The peninsula of Jutland extends north from the northern boundary of the German Empire to Skagen. Here it ends in a low, barren, sandy point. The waters at this point take the name of Skagerack.

This part of the coast is dreaded by the sailors because of the fierce storms ships often encounter there. So many vessels were formerly lost on this point of land that the coast at times was strewn with the wrecks. A light house now stands on the point to warn seamen of their danger.

Germany has recently built a canal across the southern part of the peninsula, that will make the long, dangerous voyage around the peninsula unnecessary for many ships.

Let us stop at Jutland first. We can land at Esbjerg on the western coast,and take a run across and up through the northern country by rail.

Esbjerg is a busy town, with a fine new harbor from which Danish farm produce is exported to England. It has a number of large factories and fine homes, but is not an interesting place, and we do not remain long.

FANO.

A short sail in a small steamboat takes us to the little island of Fano, near by. Fano is one of the few places that cling to ancient habits and customs. The people there live very much as they did hundreds of years ago, and for that reason possess an unusual interest to travellers.

FANO GIRLS.

Nordby on Fano is a quaint fishing town, with narrow streets, low red houses and small fenced gardens. Its women wear a peculiar costume; a full dark-colored skirt with a broad green border, a tight fitting

bodice and a many-colored kerchief around the head. They are also given to wearing numbers of skirts of different colors that give them a bulky appearance.

Crossing the island to the North Sea we find great stretches of sand hills covered with wrack-grass. These tracts are called downs. At first we see no houses, but by and by the ridge of a house appears from beyond the hillocks, then a tower, a building,and finally a castle. Beyond this building loom others, rows of handsome homes and villas.

The men of the island are seamen or fishermen, and the women do the work of the fields and households. But while willing to work hard, they are not willing to spoil their fine complexions! And so, to protect themselves from the wind and sun, they wear black face coverings. The same custom is followed at Skagen and at Agger, other islands of Denmark.

We have arrived at Fano Nardsobad, the North Sea watering place of Fano. It is a large, fashionable bathing place, off the western coast of Jutland. It has a fine beach, sloping smoothly down to the sea.

On the beach and the terraces are ladies in elegant costumes. Others are seated in basket chairs or tents, or walking about. There are green bathing machines and swarms of bathers, and every one appears to be having a very gay time. Children build castles in the sand and wade to their hearts' content.

Many of these people belong to noble or wealthy Danish and foreign families who come to spend part of every year in this pleasant health resort. Some of them own the villas we just passed. Others live at the great hotels near the beach.

GLIMPSES OF JUTLAND.

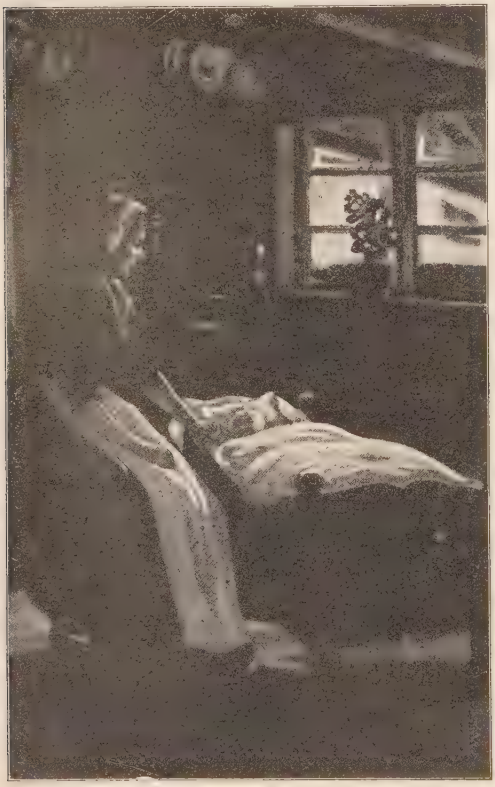
From Fano we return to the mainland and take a train at Esbjerg for Kolding, a two hours' ride across country. At first our journey takes us through quiet, barren, heathery moors and sand hills; but everywhere in eastern Jutland the eye is met by well tilled fields with picturesque manor houses and large wealthy villages.

Kolding is a quaint and beautiful old place, remarkable for the ruins of an old royal castle almost destroyed by a fire. The scenery about the town is very fine, giving one glimpses of water, ravines, hills and woods. Many there are who come here to enjoy the good sea-bathing.

A JUTLAND TOWN

The northern part of Jutland is a barren, sandy waste. The soil is poor and yields but scanty crops to the farmer. There are many sand hills, the sand from

which is carried by storms from the coast far inland. These sand storms are a source of great annoyance to the farmers near the coast, as their crops are often destroyed by them. To keep the sands from blowing and shifting about, the people plant a kind of grass with long fine roots, and trees and shrubs to break the force of the wind.



A GLIMPSE OF A DANISH HOME.

At one time there was a town on the northern part of the peninsula, but the sand storms drove the people away, and to-day their homes are completely buried.

In the northern and western part of the country large beds of turf or peat are found. The peat is cut out in square blocks, dried, and used for fuel. Denmark has neither coal nor metal. The only mineral product is a clay used in the manufacture of porcelain. This has become an important industry.

Much of the land that is not cultivated is used for grazing purposes.

Suppose we visit some of the homes of the farmers in Northern Denmark. A few of them are well-to-do, but most of them are poor. The farmers on the coast add to their income by fishing as well as farming.

The houses are low, but one story high, and are covered with straw roofs. A thick matting of green moss sometimes covers the roof. The floors are of clay, pounded hard and smooth. This does away with the necessity for scrubbing, you see.

MARKET SQUARE IN A JUTLAND TOWN

Let us enter a farm house. The door is so low that a man would need to stoop while entering. The ceiling is but a few inches above our heads. The floor is of clay. The room is furnished with benches and a hand loom.

The next room we enter is the sitting room. The furniture is very simple—chairs, a table, benches, and a bed. The room is heated by a cast iron stove in which a peat fire is burning. From the sitting room we pass to a small kitchen, and from this to another room used as a

stable. The farmer keeps his cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry here.

There are pots of flowers in the windows of some of the farm houses. On the chimneys or roofs storks build their nests.

One village we visit seems almost like a Dutch town. The houses are neat and trim, and have gardens surrounded by hedges. The houses are sometimes decorated with carved figure heads, relics perhaps of vessels wrecked off the coast. Through the cottage doors we can see a display of old Delft crockery.

ZEALAND.

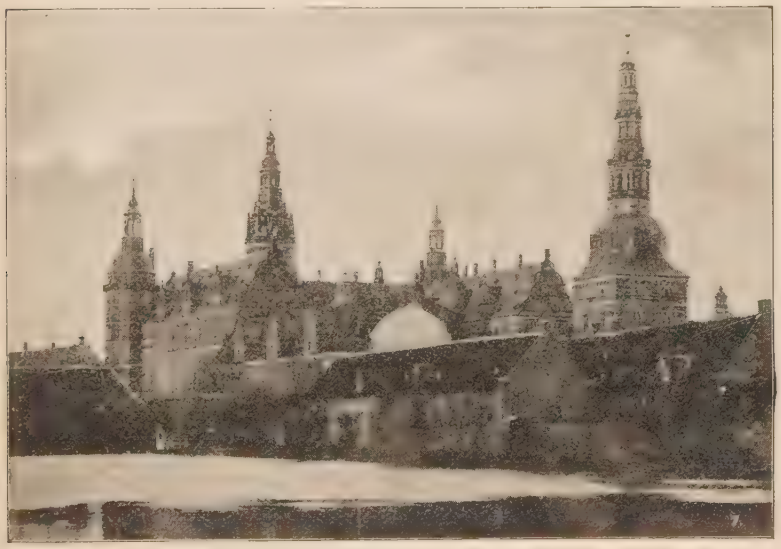
We leave the north and approach the island of Zealand, the largest and most important of the Danish isles. On the northern point of its coast is the town of Elsinore, formerly a most important place. Its beautiful imposing old castle of Kronborg, with turrets, spires and cannon on ramparts, guards the entrance to the sound. It is very narrow, being but a little more than a mile wide in one place, but through it pass most of the ships that carry on trade with Scandinavia, Russia and North Germany.

Every visitor wishes to see the old castle, from which the Danish flag floats. It is a little way from the town on the point of land nearest Sweden. It has thick walls, massive towers and deep moats. This was the home of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, the hero of one of Shakespeare's plays, and his ghost is still said to wander on its ramparts.

There are many interesting legends connected with the place, that visitors are sure to be told.

Down in the deepest vault, behind walls which none can penetrate, is supposed to live Holger Danske, the nation's hero. He has slept a thousand years, and while sleeping his white beard has grown fast to the stone table at which he has sat. But some day, they say, he will awake, tear his beard from the table and wield his sword again for his country.

The dungeons are greatly feared, as they have been regarded for ages as the abode of ghosts and demons. It is thought that they object to the presence of the living, for it is said that no person venturing into their gloomy depths ever returns.



KRONBORG CASTLE

At one time no one could be found who would enter the dungeons, and so for years they were left deserted and alone. But one day a slave condemned to death

(so the story goes) was offered his liberty if he would consent to enter the dungeon and return to tell what he had seen and heard. The slave accepted the offer and descended to the lowest depths, encountering such fearful sights as made his blood run cold. Shrieks and moans of spirits and the howls of demons met his ears. But he bravely kept on his way until he came to the last dungeon. Opening the door, he beheld a strange spectacle. A company of knights in armor was seated around a long table, with their heads dropped forward and covered with their hands. At the end of the table was seated Holger Danske. The knights seemed to be sleeping, but on hearing the slave at the door they raised their faces and turned them toward the stranger.

The hero greeted him kindly, and asked him how affairs were progressing with the nation. He seemed glad to know that all was well, and offered his hand to the slave as a token of his esteem.

The frightened man hesitated, not knowing what the consequence would be of a hand shake with the knight with an iron glove. He finally held out an iron bar, and it proved a lucky thing that he did so, for the knight gripped it so tightly that the marks of his iron fingers were left upon it.

He was allowed to leave the place in peace, however, and return to the upper world with his wonderful story. To prove its truth he carried with him the iron bar, and, to those who doubted, pointed to those marks on the iron.

At the time the castle was erected both sides of the sound belonged to Denmark. Kronborg stood sentry at the gates of the Kingdom. It controlled the gate

into the Baltic Sea and made all ships passing pay a toll or tax. It protected the town, and its soldiers took care that the ships paid the sound dues. All ships were obliged to stop and their captains had to go ashore.

Those were merry days in Elsinore. Through its streets rolled the carriages of the consuls of every country in Europe. But now all is changed.

The sound duties were removed in 1857, and Denmark no more collects tribute. The sound is now free for the ships of all nations and Elsinore is visited only by strangers interested in Danish history.

Close by the castle, on a slope in a park, is Hamlet's grave. All foreigners come to see it and the promenade to it is a favored one in summer.

Leaving Elsinore we pass into the smooth and sheltered waters of the sound. Along the coast of Zealand are countless country homes and villages, and behind them stretch forests of beech trees.

THE HARBOR.

Making our way among steamers of every size, plying in all directions, we now pass through the narrow entrance to the harbor of Copenhagen. The custom house is on the right and the anchorage on the left.

In a little box on the custom house pier is a harbor officer, who hails each one of the outward and inward bound ships. After standing and listening to his questions and the answers he receives, one has a very good idea of the close daily communication between England and Denmark. Every second person seems to be going to or coming from England.

Danish farming produce, butter, pork, eggs, corn, etc., is daily sent to England. English vessels are bringing coal to Denmark. About 35,000 sailing vessels and steamers pass the watchman on the custom house pier every year. Ship build.ng is an important industry of Denmark. We can visit the ship yards while here.

THE PORT OR HARBOR OF COPENHAGEN

Copenhagen means "merchants' haven" and its name seems to fit it very well indeed. The harbor is full of ships, flying the colors of many nations. On the wharves are sailors and merchantmen and crowds of laborers loading and unloading the vessels. Goods are piled everywhere and granaries line the wharves.

THE CITY.

The city is built on two islands with an arm of the sound between. The larger part of the city lies on the island of Zealand, the other on the island of Amager.

The streets are narrow, but well paved and clean. Many of them have canals, and it seems odd to see the masts of the boats lying in them, rise up above and between the houses. It reminds us of the streets of Holland.

A BUSY STREET.

The houses are of brick or stone, with red tiled roofs, and look very new and clean. Much of the city looks as if only recently built. There seem to be no wretched,

overcrowded, unclean streets or tenement houses, so common in other European cities and in America.

The shops or stores are built over basements, so that when we go shopping we must go upstairs or to the second floor.

At first we wonder how the place is kept so clean, but learn that it is an ancient custom for every householder to see to the sweeping of the street and pavement in front of his own place. Several times a day the asphalt is brushed.

The streets are swept by paupers. They make a very quaint appearance as they sally forth in their black clothes and wooden shoes, each carrying an immense watering can and a huge broom.

It is a pleasant city in which to drive or ride. The tramway cars are clean and comfortable, the horses are fine and the cabs large and roomy. Electric boats are used on the lakes.

There are a number of high towers in different parts of the city, where one may secure a fine view. We select the Round Tower of Trinity Church, as that is the most noted of all. The ascent is by way of a covered road which is carried upward in a spiral to the summit. At the top is a great dome, commanding a prospect of all the country lying round about.

From the top of the tower we can see the most important buildings of the city, and beyond it great forests of beech trees; green, flat meadow lands; canals, the blue waters of the sound and sea, and even the distant shores of Sweden.

Copenhagen consists of an old and a new part, as does the city of Paris. Boulevards skirt the old town,

replacing the ramparts and the picturesque moats the still waters of which reflect the fine old trees bordering them.

In the principal streets, between two and four o'clock, the ladies of the city may be seen shopping and taking their daily walk. One great street runs through the city from east to west. It is Frederiksberg, one of the principal promenades, and the finest avenue in the city.

U. S. CONSULATE.

On a summer Sunday, this avenue is crowded with inhabitants of the garrets and basements of the poorer streets of Copenhagen.

In the most fashionable place of residence in the city, Bredgage, we find the palace of King George of Greece, part of which is the town house of Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark.

Near this street are Amalienborg Square and Castles.

the residence of the royal family. A more handsome square hardly exists in Europe. In the middle is the bronze statue of King Frederick V. Every day when the king is at Amalienborg Palace, the band of the Royal Life Guard plays in the square. Members of the royal family may then be seen at the Palace windows listening to the music. Sometimes the gates open and a royal carriage with scarlet liveried servants drives out into town.

THE KING'S GUARD AND FREDERICK'S CHURCH.

In the immediate neighborhood are many buildings of interest. Among them Frederick's Church and hospital, the surgeons' hall, the Russian Church, and the Danish Parliament buildings in the Palace of Christianborg.

The Danes have a king, but they have also a Congress called the Rigsdag. The Rigsdag makes the laws and taxes the people.

Among all the buildings of the city the place of honor must be given to the magnificent new Town Hall. Its great tower dwarfs all the surrounding towers and spires. It has a large, covered courtyard, which is the Guild Hall. Over the principal entrance is a statue

of Bishop Absalon, the founder of Copenhagen. Among the original features of the building is a dove-cote in the shape of a round tower, intended for a flock of doves which hover over the palace as emblems of peace.

KING CHRISTIAN

From a long distance, one sees the spire of the Exchange, a picturesque, red brick building. This spire is one hundred and fifty feet high, and very curiously twisted. It is formed of four bronze dragons, with their tails twisted together high in the air. This spire has a story, too. It once decorated a building in Sweden. When Denmark was at war with that country, the spire was taken as booty, brought across the sound and deposited where we now see it.

Here is the Tower of St. Nicholas, where the watchmen keep watch at night for fires. Should a fire be discovered, the watchman gives a shrill whistle and a loud cry. If the fire occurs at night the people in the neigh-

borhood of the fire put a tub of water before their doors, and then go back to their beds.

THORWALDSEN AND HIS MUSEUM.

In many places we have been reminded of Denmark's most famous sculptor, Thorwaldsen. In cities outside of Denmark one often sees his handiwork, and the shops in Copenhagen show many casts, statues, friezes or photographs of himself and his works of art.

NEW TOWN HALL.

But we have yet to see the Palace of Art, that contains his collection, and to learn something of his life.

Bertel Thorwaldsen was the son of a poor ship carver. Some say he was born in Iceland, others claim Copenhagen as his first home. When but a little lad, Bertel helped his father with the carving, and developed so much talent that he was sent to the University at Copenhagen. By untiring industry and hard study he gained both honors and

prizes, and with the money earned went to Rome to study. There he toiled patiently for six long years, without friends or encouragement.

At length his money was exhausted; but, just as he was on the point of giving up in discouragement and returning to his poor home, he received an order for a statue. This was the beginning of prosperity. Other orders followed rapidly and soon the poor sculptor was famous. At times he employed as many as forty assistants—artists and marble hewers.

From time to time Thorwaldsen visited his native city, where he was received with distinction and honors and loaded with favors and commissions. The most of his life was spent away from his native land, but at the age of sixty-eight he returned to spend the remainder of his days in his beloved Copenhagen.

A friend suggested to him that at his death he should give to this city the collection of his works which he himself possessed. He was pleased with the idea, and together with friends set about finding a suitable place for them.

A stable belonging to the royal palace was offered for this purpose, and a skillful architect turned it into the building which is now known as the Thorwaldsen Museum. It is a low building of brick and stucco, occupying one side of the square near Christianborg Palace. It is two stories high, forms a quadrangle, and encloses a court of the same shape.

It was the wish of the sculptor that at death his body be placed in the midst of his Museum among his works of art, and there we find his tomb to-day, in the center of the court.

Over the doorway of the museum is a statue of Victory. Around the three sides of the building is a bas-relief which has for its subject the arrival and landing of the ships that brought Thorwaldsen, together with his treasures, from Rome to Copenhagen.

THORWALDSEN'S MUSEUM.

There are forty-two rooms grouped about the court, and in them a vast collection of statues, busts, reliefs, and monuments in marble and plaster. In one room we find the paintings, vases, coins and other articles of interest collected by him during his residence in Rome. In another room is his furniture.

Some of the casts and reliefs are familiar to us. And when we come upon the originals of Day and Night we feel as if we had found old friends.

Near the door is the sculptured marble form of the Lion of Lucerne, and in an adjoining room the heroic figure of Jason with the golden fleece. There is another, too, that we are glad to see, the noble figure of the sculptor himself as he is at work, chiseling forms of beauty out of marble.

NIGHT.

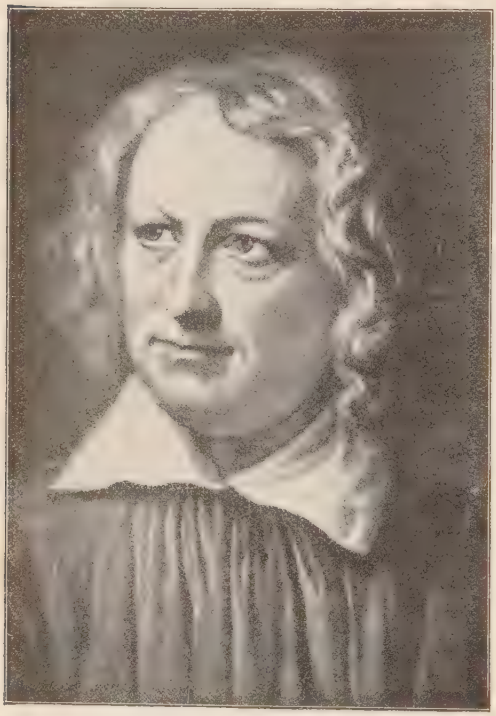
The finest statue ever carved by this artist is that of our Savior in the Church of Our Lady. A visit to the building shows us a bare, ugly building with a square tower surmounted by a plain gilt cross.

The church is decorated within by the works of a single master, which were designed for it. It is more than a church, it is a temple, peopled by the creations of Thorwaldsen. The portal is flanked by the principal figures of the old Testament, bronze statues of Moses and David. These two stand outside. In the pediment group stands John the Baptist, the voice in the wilderness, the forerunner of Christ, preaching to young and old.

Above the main entrance is a long frieze representing the entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem. Inside the temple, in front of the pillars, are the figures of the twelve apostles, larger than life, six on each side. Through this line one approaches the altar, where the Savior stands as the God of the temple.

This famous and beautiful statue of the Savior is, perhaps, the most perfect ever produced. He is represented as bending his head and stretching out his arms as if

to embrace all those who are weary and heavily laden. On the floor of the choir in front of the altar, kneels a beautiful Baptismal angel with a wreath of flowers around her head. She holds a bowl in the form of a shell, containing christening water.



THORWALDSEN

Rosenborg Palace is one of Denmark's most beautiful buildings and a place of great historic interest. It is of brick, with slender towers, and picturesquely placed amidst gardens almost in the center of Copenhagen. The castle was founded by King Christian and completed in 1624. It served as a residence for the royal family until the beginning of this century. It is now used as a museum or store house for objects of art, weapons, royal armor, robes, jewels, coins, and similar treasures. These objects are arranged in the rooms in which their royal owners lived, and each sovereign has furnished and decorated his suite of rooms according to the style of his day.

The Danish national song, "King Christian Stood by the Lofty Mast," which celebrates the naval battle of Fehmern, in the Baltic July 1st, 1644, in which King Christian IV. was wounded, is illustrated in this museum.

There are pieces of the suit he wore on board the battle ship when he was wounded. They are stained with blood, for he was wounded many times.

The Knight's Hall is very imposing, with a magnificent arched ceiling and walls covered with tapestry representing important historical events. In front of the great fireplace at the northern end of the hall, is a velvet canopy, underneath which are the coronation chairs of the King and Queen.

ROSENBORG CASTLE.

The King's chair is made of narwhal-horn and adorned with allegorical figures; the Queen's is covered with solid silver, and adorned with two figures that represent the Fear of God and Charity. Before the coronation chair stand three silver lions, representing the Sound, the Great Belt and the Little Belt.

These are always carried through the city during the

coronation and funeral processions of the rulers of Denmark.

Two tower rooms contain fine collections of rare old Venetian glass, and of Chinese, Japanese, Indian, Dresden, French, Swedish and Danish porcelain. There is a room where the ceiling, floors, doors, windows and walls are all mirrors.

The garden has a fountain around which is one of the favorite play grounds of the Copenhagen children. There are fine avenues of old trees, pavilions and statues in this garden.

One of these statues is of Hans Christian Andersen, and reminds us that Denmark was the home of this Prince of Story Tellers.

The statue is of bronze and represents the writer seated with a book in his hand. He looks as if he were just going to tell a story. On the left side of the pedestal is a stork and the words, "In Memory of the Wonder-Story Teller." Upon the opposite side is the group of the "Ugly Duckling," and the words "Erected by the Danish people, 1800."

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

What pleasure this writer has given to countless thousands of children, not only in his own country but in all parts of the world! The little Danish folks playing around us in the park know quite as well as we his beautiful stories of the Stork, the Ugly Duckling, the Fir Tree, the Match Girl, and the Tin Soldier.

Hans Andersen was born in the town of Odense, on the Island of Fuen. His parents were poor, and while Hans was a small boy the father died. Hans missed

his father sorely, for he had been his constant companion.

When left alone he was obliged to amuse himself, and he did it in a very curious way. He dressed dolls, and made them act out the stories and plays his father had read to him. He also learned to recite poems and stories and to sing songs to amuse his mother and the neighbors.

A STREET IN ODENSE.

When Hans was fourteen his mother wished him to learn a trade, but the boy loved books and was ambitious to become a writer and actor. He told his mother that if she would let him go to Copenhagen, he would make a fortune and come home famous.

The mother thought this very foolish talk, and laughed at him. But after a time she consulted a fortune teller as to what she should do. This wise old woman told her that Hans would become a great man, and that the town of Odense would one day be illuminated in his honor.

Then the mother consented to let the boy go, and so, with but a few dollars in his pocket, he set out on his

journey. When he reached Copenhagen he tried to make some money by singing, but his shoes and clothes were so poor and thin that he got a severe cold and his voice was spoiled by hoarseness. Then he wrote some little stories and tried to sell them, but he spelled very badly and people would not buy them.

STATUE OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

By and by he made some friends, and they advised him to go to school and offered to help pay for his lessons. Hans gladly accepted the offer. Though almost a man he was obliged to enter a class with the very smallest boys in school, but he worked hard until able to spell well. Then he tried again to write fairy stories such as children like.

People now began to read what he wrote, and to talk about him. They wondered how he knew just exactly the kind of stories children like best; and they wondered, too, as he grew older in years, that he never seemed old, as most people did.

He was just a big boy all his life, and kept on "making believe," exactly as children do.

By and by the children of many lands came to know and love him through the beautiful stories he wrote for them. Sometimes he went to little sick children and read stories to them. Kings and princes and great men invited him to their homes. They loved to hear him read and tell stories quite as well as the children. Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, was one of his friends.

When he died in 1875, the people erected this statue to him. It stands at the end of an avenue of trees in a plat of flowers. It is a pleasant, shady place, and a favorite playground of the children.

The figures on the statue remind us of Andersen's most famous story, "The Ugly Duckling." He said it was like the story of his own life. At first he met with only sorrow and disappointment, but at last every thing came out right. His life, too, was a lovely story that could not have been better if a good fairy had guided him.

From Rosenborg Palace we go to the Prince's Palace, in which is the National Museum, and to other places where collections, weapons of war, pottery, household articles, and many other things are exhibited. One can study the history of Denmark from these exhibits.

They are classified and arranged according to the age or period to which they belong. There is the iron age, and the flint, bronze, and stone ages, as well as the modern age.

There are art galleries, too, where one might spend

hours studying works of the old masters and of talented Danish artists, but these we must leave for another day.

TIVOLI.

Now let us see how the Danish people amuse themselves. They are as fond of music, of dancing, and of the theatre as are the French, and in the midst of the noisy hum and crowding of business life they have set

apart one spot where they may be free from care, and enjoy themselves. This is a place of amusement or park known as "Tivoli."

It is really an immense garden, with shady avenues, neat walks ornamented with statues, pleasant resting places, seats, restaurants, booths and band stands,

There is a tranquil lake in the center where one may enjoy a ride on a tiny steamer, or in a row boat.

There are tents, platforms and buildings where one may see freaks and wonders panoramas, shows, operas, concerts, trapeze performances, merry-go-rounds, swings, shooting galleries, and pavilions for dancing.

All summer long this place is thronged with pleasure seekers. People of both high and low degree, nobles, workmen, and peasants from Zealand and the south of Sweden, old people, children, babies, students, dignified citizens and their wives, and in fact everybody, come. Tivoli offers some pleasure to each.

The place is gayest on Sunday, when the streets of the city are deserted. At four o'clock the cannon salute announces the Tivoli's pleasures are to begin. During the hours that follow, people stream in thousands through the gates, dressed in Sunday best. They are greeted by sounds of music floating through the park. There are two large orchestras belonging to the place, one playing in an open pavilion near the entrance, and another larger one in the Concert Hall.

This Hall is one of the centers of attraction. In the back of the building and in the veranda running round it, waiters in dress coats hurry to and fro, bringing Danish bread and butter and other refreshments to those seated at the small tables. Outside, people walk about and chat with their friends.

Many gather about a place known as "Artists' Lawn." It is an enclosed space where acrobats, athletes, rope dancers, jugglers, clowns, trapeze performers and animal trainers appear to amuse the multitude. There are reserved seats for those who wish them, but thou-

sands of the people stand to watch the performance.

"When darkness settles down, Tivoli shows itself in all its glory. The illumination begins. Over the garden walks rise arches of green and red lanterns, lawns and flower beds are bordered with pearl chains of white ground glass lamps, and on all sides rise fantastic castles of fire."

DRESSED FOR A FEAST.

A radiant fairy palace blazes through the darkness. This is the Bazaar, a long wooden building in the Moorish style, where people are eating, drinking, laughing and chatting. In every direction lights flash and blaze.

PARKS AND PLEASURE RESORTS.

Copenhagen is noted for its parks and pleasure grounds. These parks are beautiful, well kept wooded gardens. The nightingale and the cuckoo build their

nests in the trees, and wild ducks swim about in the waters. There are lakes with swans swimming about in them and fish playing in shoals on the surface of the water.

On Sundays, working men with their wives and children bring their lunches with them and spend the entire day in these shady, quiet places.

The sound, with its violet blue water, wooded shore, and picturesque villas, is very beautiful. No Dane ever forgets it or wishes to leave it. Every Danish poet sings its praises and of the beauty of its summer nights.

The most famous of all the beautiful places on the sound is Skodsborg. A short ride on the steamer, along the coast of Zealand, brings us to this place. Every visitor comes here to get the finest view of the sound. Nowhere else is the sea bathing so good. During the summer it is the gayest of all the pleasure resorts of Denmark. Near it lies the "White Palace," the royal summer residence.

THE SUMMER PALACE.

Across the sound from Skodsborg rise the white banks of an island. It is the island of Hveen, where Denmark's great astronomer, Tycho Brahe, lived years ago. The island is now used as a hunting ground by King Oscar of Sweden.

King Frederick was much interested in the astrono-

mer, and gave to him this island, and money to build him a home and an observatory. The dwelling was known as the Castle of the Heavens. It was somewhat like a castle, but in the top was an observatory and a great telescope through which Tycho Brahe studied the heavens.

When the king died the astronomer lost his best friend. Enemies who had been jealous of the favors shown him, conspired against him. His pension was taken from him, his home torn down, and his work ridiculed and derided.

It was not until many years later that the value of his discoveries became known to the people. When they realized what he had done, they tried to make amends for past neglect and ill-treatment by erecting a monument to his memory. A statue was raised then on the very spot on which his home once stood, and there it stands to-day.

INDUSTRIES.

We find in Copenhagen extensive factories for cotton goods, porcelain, watches, clocks, pianos, foundries, iron works, breweries, distilleries, tobacco factories, and sugar refineries.

The manufactures of Denmark are not important, paper, gloves, wooden clocks, woolens, and earthenware of Jutland being the principal ones.

One-half the people in Denmark are engaged in agriculture. The farms are small as in Belgium, but they are very carefully cultivated and made to yield large crops where the soil is good. The farms usually

consist of from one to twelve acres, but there are large estates also.

The pastures are the most important part of the farms, for dairy farming is the chief industry. When we learn that there are over a million and a half dairy cows in this small country, we are not surprised that butter constitutes the most important export.

ON A DAIRY FARM.

Danish butter is famous for its sweetness and freshness. It is said that no other country in the world produces so much butter in proportion to its size. Much of this is packed in air tight casks and tin cans and sent to many parts of the world. Denmark is said to send between thirty and thirty-five million pounds of butter each year to England alone.

Besides the cows, there are vast numbers of sheep, pigs, goats and horses. The fields afford fine pastures

for stock. Quantities of meat are shipped to other countries, and millions of eggs. The horses of Denmark, particularly those of Jutland, are famous for their beauty and strength.

THE PEOPLE.

The Danes are tall, strong, and a fine looking race. They are generally fair, with blue eyes and light hair. The people are exceedingly polite, and men kiss each other in a most affectionate manner when they meet. Instead of raising their hats to each other when they pass on the streets, they stop and shake hands. We notice that most of them are carefully gloved. Perhaps this is because gloves in Copenhagen are cheap.

A BRIDAL COSTUME IN AMAGER.

The people are cheerful, hospitable, enterprising, independent and self-respecting. Those who are considered well-to-do here would be

thought poor in our country. The people have few comforts and luxuries, but they are so industrious and saving, that few of them are very poor, or suffer actual want. We find no beggars.

The inhabitants of Amager are descended from the Dutch who were brought to the country to teach their Danish neighbors how to garden and improve the cultivation of vegetables.

Their quaint costumes may still be seen in some districts, but their use is now dying out.

The Danish house is very neat and clean, and furnished much like our own homes. And the people, too, seem more like English and "States"people than the people of any other country on the continent.

The Danes are almost all Lutherans, although other religions are tolerated. They are among the best educated people of Europe. Nearly every one is able to read and write. At the age of six, the children enter school and must be kept there until they are fourteen, no matter how poor the parents.

The Danish home has no nursery for the little ones, as in England. The mother usually has charge of the children herself and is always with them. She gives them their first lessons and teaches them their earliest games.

Early in the autumn, when the storks have left their nests on the chimneys, boats come in laden with coarse brown crockery, made in Jutland. Children board these boats and timidly make their wants known.

They wish to buy a "Yule pig." It is of brown crockery and has a slit in the back through which the child's pennies may go in, but cannot come out till the

image is broken. This is done at Christmas time.

At that season of the year when beeves are killed for the winter supply of meat, the annual candle making occurs. This is regarded by old and young as an occasion of importance. Not only are the candles made for the whole year, but a goodly number, according to the wealth of the peasant, are made especially for Christmas and are called "Christmas candles."

DANISH CHILDREN IN AMAGER

The Danish children do not know about Santa Claus. They have instead what they call a "Christmas Brownie," in the shape of a little old man with a long gray beard, who is supposed to live underground.

The tree is always lighted on Christmas Eve and the family all meet together then. The older people get their presents on a plate, at their place at the table. The children's gifts are on the tree.

Roast goose is the chief feature of the Christmas Eve dinner, and a dish of rice is eaten before dinner is

served. Apple fritters make the dessert instead of plum pudding.

According to superstitious Danes, the cattle in the stables all rise at midnight Christmas Eve and low in salutation. The cows and other animals are well fed on this day, and as a special treat the dog is given some bread, and his freedom. Even the birds are remembered. A sheaf of oats or grain is fastened to a pole or to the house top for their Christmas dinner.

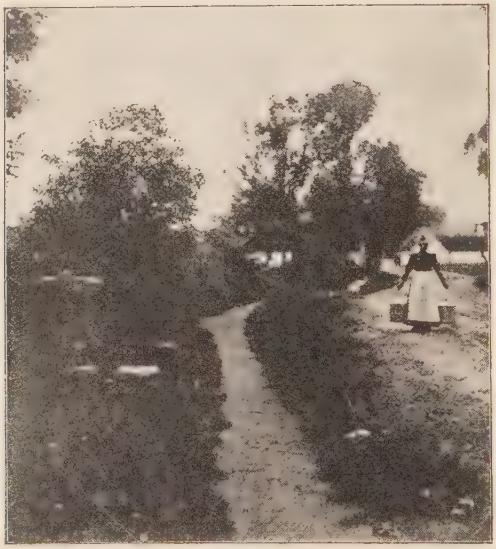
A FARMYARD

In the country the houses and farms are near together, forming villages. The houses are usually built as a square, one side being the dwelling house and the other side the farm buildings, and stables. The newer ones are of stone, brick or cement, while the old ones are of frame with straw thatched roofs.

The peasants are very superstitious, and some of them firmly believe in the existence of fairies, or, as they call them, trolls and "nisses." They are thought to do all sorts of funny and mischievous things on the farm. The Danish country women some-

times put out a bowl of food for them to keep them good natured, for they will not let the butter be churned if they are not well fed.

The islands Zealand and Funen are fertile and present many beautiful bits of landscape. Great fields of corn, barley and rye wave all over Zealand. The barley is used in brewing beer, the common beverage of the country. The rye is used for bread. The people bake their own bread, usually of rye flour, and brew their own beer. They also make the greater part of their house furniture and utensils with their own hands.



A COUNTRY VILLAGE STREET IN DENMARK.

As we are preparing to take our departure from Denmark, a ship comes into the harbor at Copenhagen, laden with goods. There are boxes and bags of wool, hides, fish and eiderdown in this vessel, from the Faroes.

THE FAROE ISLANDS.

The Faroe Islands are numbered among Denmark's colonial possessions. To reach them, we sail northwest through the North Sea, and into the Atlantic Ocean. They lie about midway between Iceland and Scotland.

This group consists of seventeen inhabited islands and a number of others that are little more than naked rocks, jutting out of the sea. The islands are all of volcanic rocks and have rugged coasts with steep cliffs descending to the ocean.

In places, the hills are covered with a brilliant coating of grass, and the rock alongs the shores are draped with moss and lichens.

Great cliffs, a thousand feet high, stand on the side of the principal island, Stromae.

In the lower parts of the islands the rocks are covered by a thin layer of soil, which produces a rich growth of grass. But there is not enough of the soil for trees, or crops. A little barley is raised, and potatoesiand turnips, but this is about all.

Although so far noth, the climate is mild. The winters are never severe, and frost and snow seldom last over two months. This is because the islands are surrounded by the open sea, and tempered by the warm Gulf Stream. But they are subject to terrible windstorms during the winter, and during the summer it is

often impossible to approach them because of the dense fog covering everything.

There are no towns on these islands, but there are groups of houses, scattered about, and trading stations on the larger islands. The most important trading post is Thorshavn on the island of Stromo.

The village makes a pretty picture from the ocean, snugly tucked in between two mountains. Its houses are of wood, painted in light colors. The most important and finest building on the island is that of the sheriff. It bears a flag pole from which floats the flag of Denmark.

We are obliged to use paths in making our way about, as there are no paved streets, neither are there conveyances or beasts of burden. The Faroese carry their heavy burdens upon their own backs or use small carts or wheelbarrows.

The islands have a population of about 11,000. The men are tall and strong, with faces browned by the winds and exposure. The most of them are shepherds, fishermen and bird catchers. Danish is the language of the church and school, but the people speak also the old Norse tongue.

The costumes of the men consist of a rough, thick jacket of brown wool, trimmed with silver plated buttons, a broad belt, worn about the waist, a pair of knee breeches of the same material as the coat; thick, long woolen stockings, and sheepskin shoes or moccasins. Knitted caps, pointed and tasseled, are worn.

The women dress somewhat like the men. They wear shawls, fastened across the breast, colored handkerchiefs or eider-down caps, heavy wool petticoats and moccasins. The women are very industrious; they do

all the work of the house and share in the work of the field as well.

The principal domestic animal is the sheep. It is noted for the fineness of its fleece, which always brings a high price in the market.

The people prepare the wool themselves, and make it into articles of clothing. They are very skillful in weaving and knitting. The shirts and stockings made of this wool are in great demand all over the Northern seas by fishermen and sailors.

On these islands, thousands upon thousands of eider-ducks, sea gulls and many varieties of sea-fowl build their nests among the cliffs and rocks and breed. All summer the islands resound with their shrill cries. At times great flocks of these birds so darken the sky as to appear like rain clouds.

The sailors tell us that these birds often fly so far out to sea that they have not strength to return to land. In such cases they often settle upon some passing ship. Their weight does such damage to the rigging that the sailors usually attempt to drive them away, but this is a very difficult thing to do. The birds sometimes defend themselves with beaks and tallons, and the sailors dread such battles.

Eiderdown is one of the most profitable articles of trade in these islands.

The eider duck lines her nest with down taken from her own breast, and in the fowling season the bird hunters or fowlers suspend themselves from the cliffs by means of ropes and rob the nests of both eggs and down.

The money earned in this way often amounts to more than that secured by tilling the soil. But the

work is attended with great danger, and many hunters perish every year by falling from the rocks.

The fowlers hunt in parties, carrying long ropes, nets and poles. The ropes are used in lowering the men to places among the cliffs where the birds make their nests. The nets are fastened to poles. When the hunters are lowered to the nesting places they throw their pole nets among the frightened birds, securing as many of their nests as they can.

These nests are transferred from the pole net to other nets attached to the belts of the hunters. When all the nets are filled, the hunters are drawn up the cliffs again and new fowling grounds are sought. When all the nets are packed with down the parties return to their homes over the mountains and down into the valleys.

Some of the hunters never return. The ropes that are used sometimes break, or stones may fall upon the hunters from cliffs above, or the fierce sea eagles attack them while suspended.

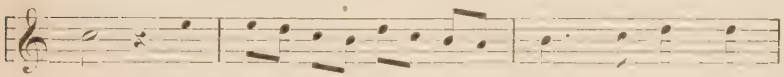
But if no lives have been lost in the party there is great rejoicing in the homes of the hunters. The eiderdowns are assorted, packed tightly in bundles and sent to Thorshavn, where they are shipped to other countries.

It is less than a two days' sail from these islands to Iceland, another colonial possession of Denmark. But that journey must be left for another time.

DANISH NATIONAL HYMN.

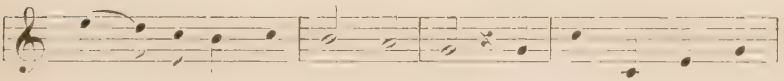
Marziale.

1. King Chris-tian stood by loft - y mast, In mist and
2. Nils Juel gave heed to th' tem-pest's roar, Now is the
3. North sea! a glimpse of Wes - sel rent, Thy murk - y



smoke, His sword was ham - mer - ing so fast, Thro'
hour! He hois-ted his blood - red flag once more, And
sky! Then cham-pions to thine arms were sent; Ter-

Goth - ic helm and brain it passed, Then sank each hos - tile
smote up - on the foe full sore. And shout-ed loud thro' the
ror and Death glared where he went; From th' waves was heard a



hulk and mast, In mist and smoke. "Fly!" shouted they, "fly
tem - pest's roar, "Now is the hour." "Fly!" shouted they, "for
wail, that rent Thy murk - y sky! From Den-mark thun-ders

he who can! Who braves of Den - mark's Chris - tian, Who
shel - ter fly! Of Den-mark's Juel who can de - fy. Of
Tor - den-skiol! Let each to Heav'n com-mend his soul, Let

braves of Den-mark's Chris - tian the stroke."
Den - mark's Juel who can de - fy the pow'r?"
each to Heav'n com-mend his soul, and fly.

THE DANNEBROG.

Patriotic song of Denmark.

1. Proud Dan - ne - brog is float - ing O'er Co - dan's roll - ing flood;
2. Wave high in bat - tle proud-ly, Like Ju - bel's sword, so bold;
Night can - not hide thy glo - ry, O ban - ner, red as blood!
When can - non thun-ders loud - ly, Thy song be Tor - den-skiold,
For thee has brave-ly striv - en And fall - en man - y a knight;
And when t'wards heav'n thou fli - est, In glow-ing light and flame,
Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Wave high thy cross of light.
Shout to the heav-ens high - est The he - ro Hvidfeld's name.

NATIONAL AIR OF BELGIUM.

PATRIOTIC SONG OF DENMARK

TOWARD THE NORTH

Towards the North a beauteous land is lying
And tho' we find no towering mountains there,
No land exists its loveliness outvying.
It is our fatherland, our Denmark fair.
Afar the North Sea's silvery waves are glowing,
And leafy elms where feathered songsters nest
On every part kind Heaven some gift's bestowing
On every part God's peaceful blessings rest.

From Eyder's stream to Skagen's white hills gleaming,
With those of Fuen's isle in glimmering sheen;
There, clothed in white near Falster's strand and Laaland,
The maiden of the wave stands crowned with green,
Her healthy people ne'er can want be knowing;
The grain here, like a heaving sea, waves high,
'Round flowery meadows bowers fair are growing,
Ah, here 'tis sweet to live and hard to die.

Thus stream and sound the town and meadows sever,
Yet Denmark stands united in its might;
A nation's faithful love will bind it ever,
And honor stands a guardian for its right.
A common cause here every heart is blending,
And loving children guard each native shore;
All Danish hearts one prayer to heaven are sending,
God guard our King and land forevermore.

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